

GENERAL INFORMATION

PUNCH JULY 5 1961

VOL. CXXLI

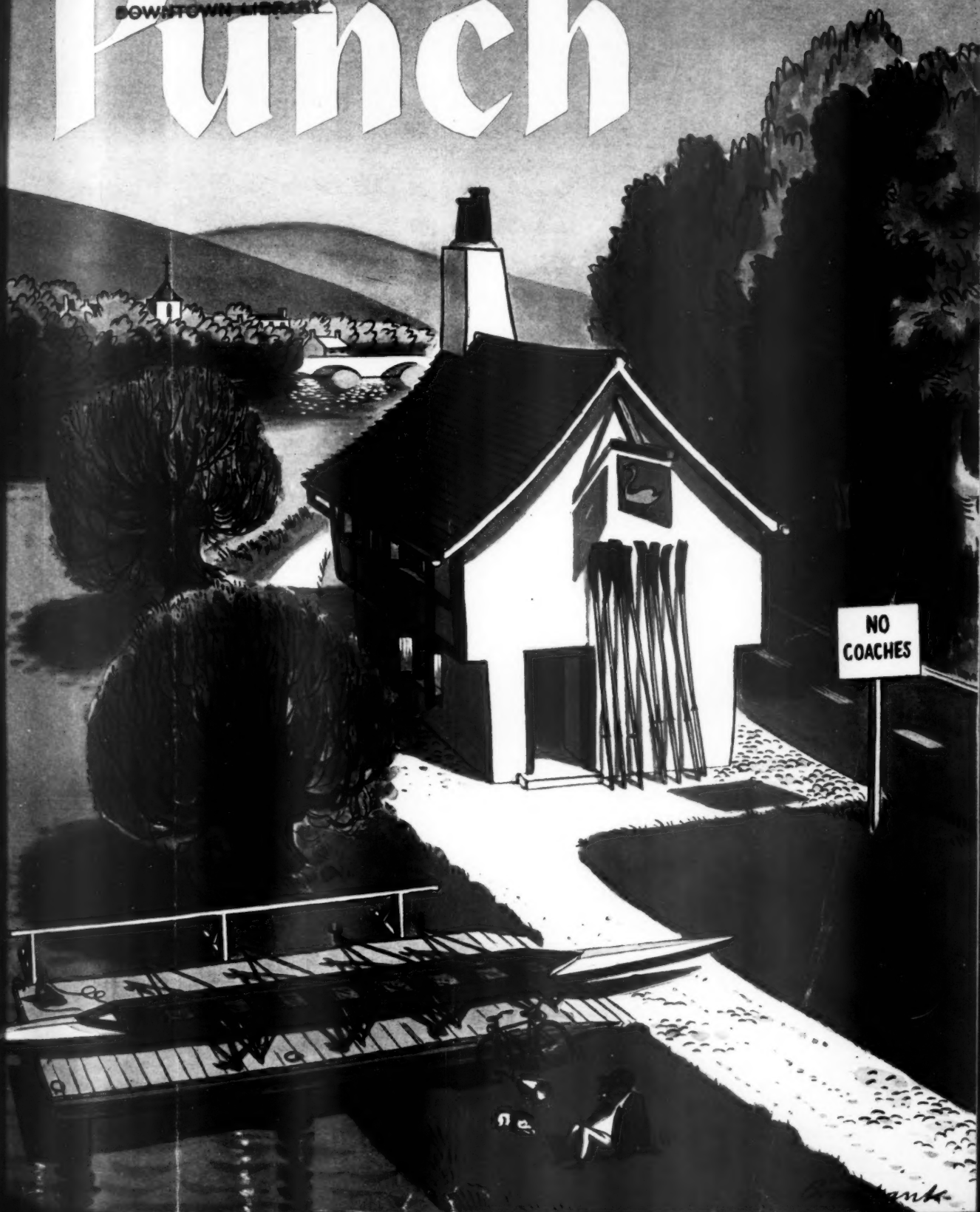
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Punch



The English Scene

Painted by John Leigh-Pemberton

THE ROYAL SHOW



TRACE YOUR ANCESTRY BACK only a few generations and you will almost certainly find that, whatever your own occupation and domicile, your forebears were countrymen. Such relative closeness to the soil is (we read somewhere) the reason why most Englishmen, given the ghost of a chance, will set about growing something, if it is only nasturtiums in a window box. That is as may be; but we are quite sure it is the reason why so many people enjoy agricultural shows. Their choice in these is wide, ranging from the purely local event, through the great county shows, up to the aristocrat of them

all, the 'Royal', to be held this month near Cambridge. At a good many of these shows you will find, among the tents of the seedsmen and the marvels of the machinery makers, a temporary office of the Midland Bank. It is there primarily as an extension of the service we provide for farmers at innumerable branches all over the country. But there is another reason for our presence. What we said earlier about your family tree is true also of our own. Admittedly, we look back upon a long line of bankers; but most of them, do you see, were *country* bankers.

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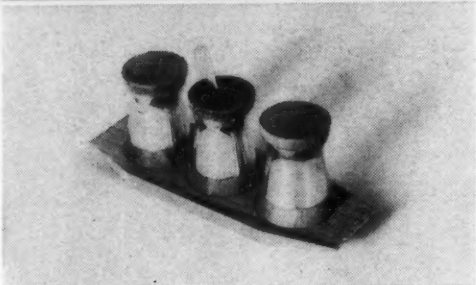
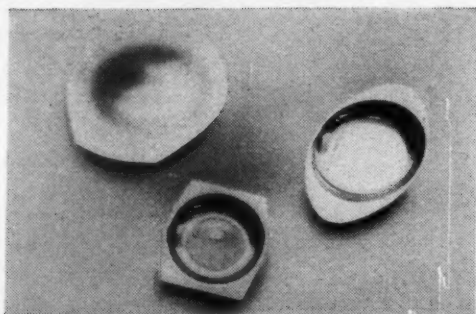
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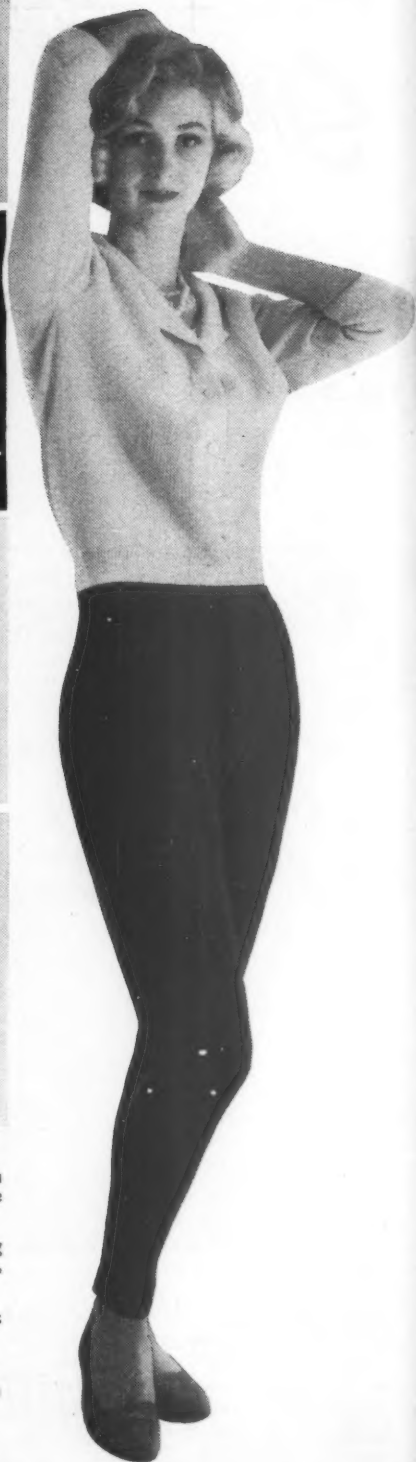
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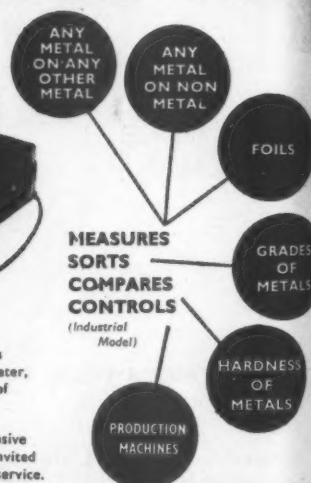


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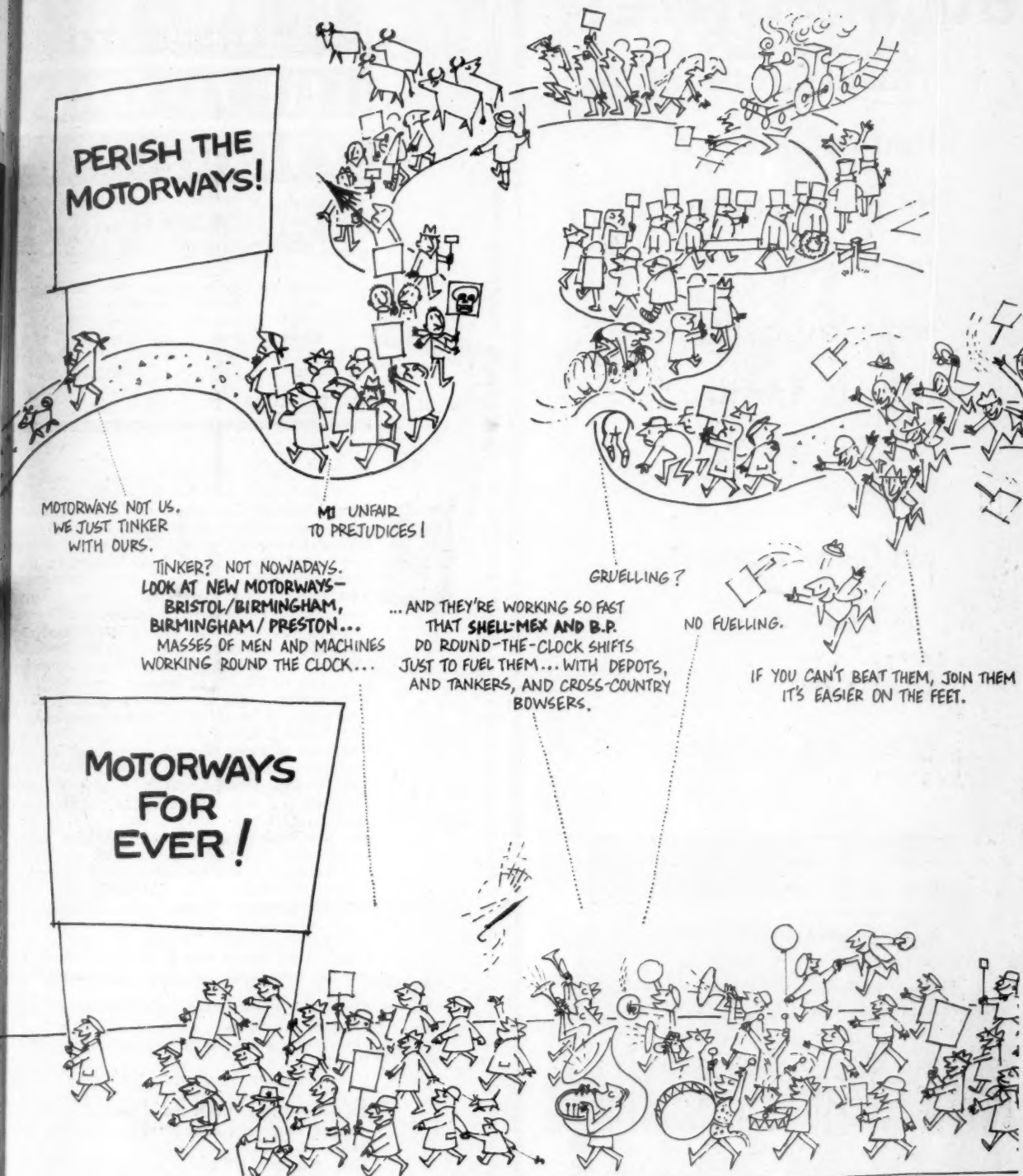
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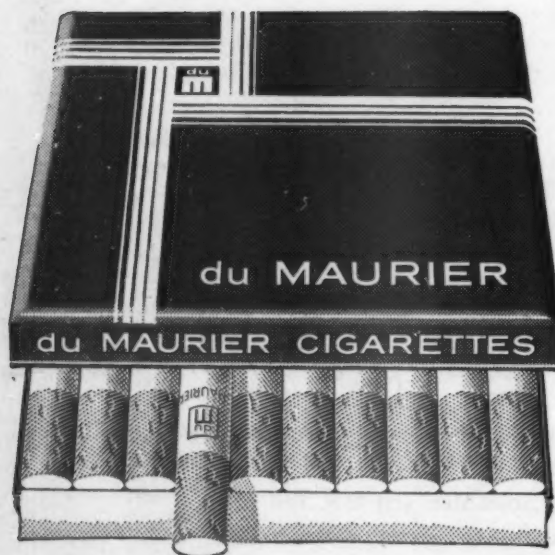
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THE LONDON CHARIVARI



All the listings are based on the latest information available at the time of going to press.

THEATRE

(Dates in brackets refer to Punch reviews)



The Amorous Prawn (Piccadilly)—old-model hearty comedy, funny in places. (16/12/59)

The Andersonville Trial (Mermaid)—honest play about war trial after the American Civil War. (14/6/61)

The Bad Soldier Smith (Westminster)—autobiographical play about one-man rebellion in Normandy, undramatic but very entertaining. (21/6/61)

Beyond the Fringe (Fortune)—four ex-undergraduates very funny in original revue. (17/5/61)

Billy Liar (Cambridge)—newcomer Tom Courtenay in weak play about north-country Walter Mitty. (21/9/60)

The Bird of Time (Savoy)—well-acted first play that fails to come to much. (7/6/61)

The Bride Comes Back (Vaudeville)—the Hulberts and Robertson Hare in simple-minded comedy. (7/12/60)

Bye Bye Birdie (Her Majesty's)—satirical American musical, Chita Rivera wonderful. (21/6/61)

Celebration (Duchess)—facetious north-country slice-of-life, minus a plot. (14/6/61)

The Devils (Aldwych)—fairly dramatic play about seventeenth-century possession by John Whiting out of Aldous Huxley. (1/3/61)

Fings Ain't Wot They Used T'be (Garrick)—low-life British musical, funny but not for Aunt Edna. (17/2/60)

Hamlet (Stratford-upon-Avon)—poor production. (19/4/61)

Hamlet (Strand)—sound production with Jeremy Brett.

Irma la Douce (Lyric)—low-life French musical, good for the sophisticated. (23/7/58)

The Irregular Verb to Love (Criterion)—another witty domestic tangle by Hugh and Margaret Williams. (19/4/61)

The Kitchen (Royal Court)—new play by Arnold Wesker.

King Kong (Princes)—spontaneous but rather amateur musical from South Africa. (8/3/61)

Let Yourself Go! (Palladium)—revue. Harry Secombe lovable and Eddie Calvert loud. (31/5/61)

The Merchant of Venice (Old Vic)—very honest production with exciting Shylock and Portia. (7/6/61)

The Miracle Worker (Wyndham's)—Anna Massey brilliant in the Helen Keller story. (15/3/61)

The Mousetrap (Ambassadors)—the nine years' wonder. (16/12/52)

Much Ado About Nothing (Stratford-upon-Avon)—disappointing production. (12/4/61)
The Music Man (Adelphi)—slick dancing in dull treacly American musical. (22/3/61)
My Fair Lady (Drury Lane)—still a good musical. (7/5/58)
Oliver! (New)—exciting British musical, from *Oliver Twist*. (6/7/60)
On The Avenue (Globe)—witty but patchy revue.
On the Brighter Side (Phoenix)—witty revue with Betty Marsden and Stanley Baxter. (19/4/61)
Ondine (Aldwych)—fairy tale by Giraudoux minus some of its poetry. (18/1/61)
One Over the Eight (Duke of York's)—Kenneth Williams in patchy revue. (12/4/61)
Progress to the Park (Saville)—slice-of-life about religious bigotry in Liverpool. (10/5/61)
The Rehearsal (Queen's)—amusing and dramatic Anouilh, very well acted. (12/4/61)
Richard III (Stratford-upon-Avon)—lightweight but effective production, with Edith Evans, and Christopher Plummer dashinglly dotty. (31/5/61)
Romeo and Juliet (Old Vic)—verse smothered in Italianate production. (12/10/60)
Ross (Haymarket)—Rattigan's fine study of T. E. Lawrence. (18/5/60)
Simple Spymen (Whitehall)—popular lowbrow farce.
The Sound of Music (Palace)—tunes the best thing in a very sentimental American musical. (31/5/61)
The Tenth Man (Comedy)—funny and touching drama in New York synagogue. (26/4/61)
Twelfth Night (Old Vic)—patchy but interesting production. (26/4/61)
Victor Borge (Saville)—brilliant one-man entertainment.
Watch It Sailor! (Apollo)—pierhead farce surprisingly well acted. (2/3/60)
The World of Suzie Wong (Prince of Wales)—kitchen-drawer novelette with glamour built-in. (25/11/59)
Young in Heart (Victoria Palace)—the Crazy Gang still certifiable. (4/1/61)
You Prove It (St. Martin's)—new comedy.

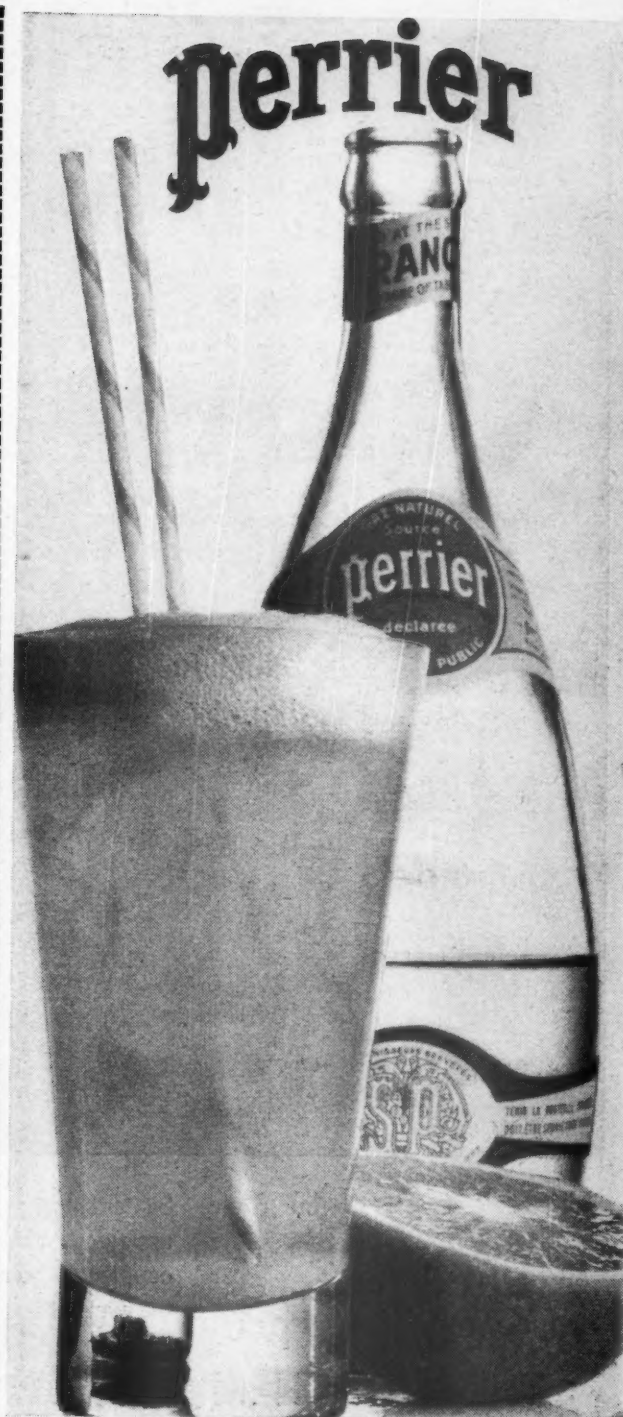
REP SELECTION

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CINEMA

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

The Absent-Minded Professor (Studio One)—Enjoyable, amusing Disney, with Fred MacMurray as the Professor who discovers gravity-resisting "flubber." (21/6/61)
Ballad of a Soldier (Curzon)—Russian: a young soldier's journey home in war-time. Minor but unusually entertaining. (14/6/61)
Ben-Hur (Royalty)—The old faithful spectacular: chariot-race splendid, and otherwise bearable even by those who usually avoid "epics." (30/12/59)
Exodus (Astoria)—Long (3 hrs. 40 mins.) spectacular account of what preceded and followed the birth of Israel in 1947. Action stuff good, character conventional. (17/5/61)
Flame in the Streets (Odeon, Leicester Square)—Reviewed this week.
The Flute and the Arrow (Gala-Royal)—Reviewed this week.
Gone With the Wind (Coliseum)—Back again after twenty-one years, and still effective.
The Guns of Navarone (Columbia)—Six assorted saboteurs spike German guns on a Greek



à l'orange



Translate *l'orange pressé*, with aplomb, into *Perrier à l'orange*. Take fresh oranges, squeeze the juice, put some sugar at the bottom of a tall glass, fill to the brim with well-chilled Perrier.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XI

island. Noisy, violent, visually fine adventure-story. (10/5/61)

One-Eyed Jacks (Plaza)—Marlon Brando's own Western, visually superb and quite good otherwise. (28/6/61)

Search for Paradise (London Casino)—Cinematic in Ceylon, the Himalayas, Kashmir, Nepal; hearty Lowell Thomas commentary.

Shadows (International Film Theatre)—The "improvised" film about the Negro brothers and sister in New York. Vital, moving, often sad, often funny, very impressive. (27/7/60 and 26/10/60)

South Pacific (Dominion)—Lush colour (Todd-AO) Rodgers and Hammerstein musical: US soldiers, sailors, girls on a Pacific island in 1943. (7/5/58)

St. Tropez Blues (Cameo-Royal)—French youngsters on holiday. School of *Les Tricheurs*; emphasized with colour and jazz.

Spartacus (Metropole)—Spectacular "epic" with Kirk Douglas as a gladiator; blood, violence and colour in the arena.

Two Rode Together (released)—Good straightforward Western, though minor for John Ford. (28/6/61)

The Virgin Spring (Curzon)—13th-century story: innocence defiled and avenged. Ingmar Bergman at his most symbolic. (14/6/61)

Wild in the Country (Carlton)—Reviewed this week.

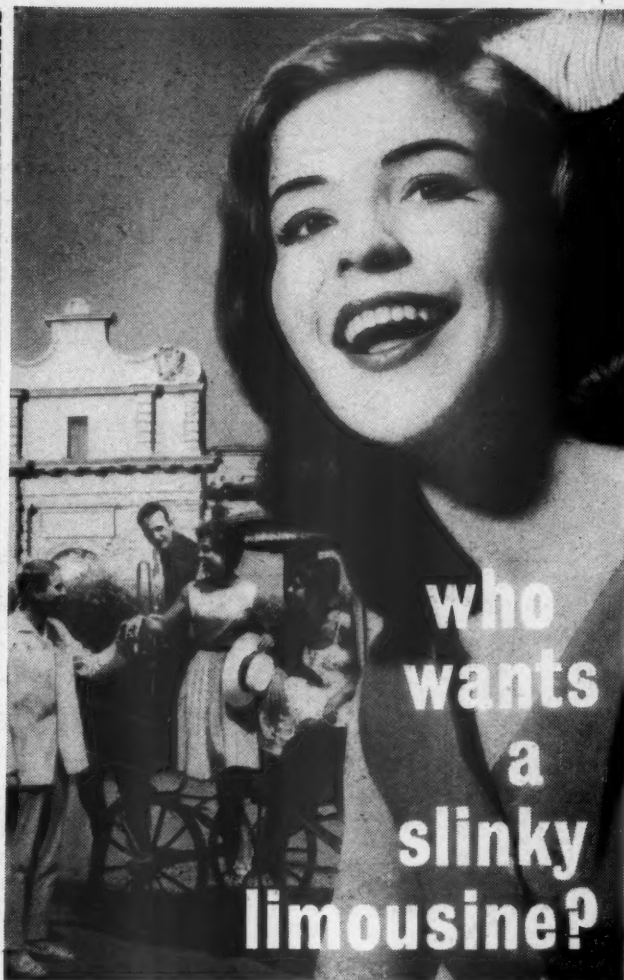
The Young Lions (Rialto)—Reissue. An American and a German in the war, and how their paths cross. Long, gripping, very well done. (7/5/58)

SHOPS

Sales are gathering force, and next in the batting order is **Jacqmar's**, from July 5 to 15, with reductions in cocktail fabrics, printed silks, double-knit jersey, Continental cottons, worsted and tropical suiting, skirts and Scottish knitwear. From July 6 for three weeks **Swan & Edgar's** also highlight knitwear, as well as children's and boys' wear, men's suits, shirts and nightwear, ladies' shoes, sandals, hosiery and handbags. Until July 15 there are reductions in all departments of **Debenham & Freebody**, including their exclusive Lanvin Castillo furs. **Harrods**, from July 8 to 15, also concentrate on various furs, pure silk separates, suits and nightwear, while for men there will be suits, shirts, ties and all styles of shoes. Also of interest are lamps and lampshades, carpets, bedroom furniture and Italian glassware.

Bentall's of Kingston, Ealing and Worthing, has its sale from July 8 to 15. For women there are Aquascutum coats, Mornessa double jersey suits, London Pride blouses, Gannex raincoats. For men, Kingston/Ealing only, there are raincoats, summerweight jackets, Jaeger knitwear, trousers, shirts. All branches have Convector heaters, Goblin washers and spin-dryers, bedroom furniture. Starting July 10 for one week **Fenwicks** is featuring hats, coats, suits, beachwear, separates, gloves and jewellery. Until July 15 **Jaeger** will be offering exclusive knitwear, dresses, scarves and hats with camel-hair coats in the men's department. **Peter Robinson's** accent knitwear, beachwear, blouses and accessories, with household goods at Strand branch. Sale ends July 15, as does that of **John Lewis**, who have clearances

CONTINUED ON PAGE XVI



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look like an insignificant parlour trick."

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PUNCH

Vol. CCXLI No. 6303
July 5 1961

Edited by
Bernard Hollowood



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*For overseas rates see page 36.

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Charivaria

IF a man in a flat over a bank heard suspicious noises below and failed to dial 999 on his telephone he would come near to compounding a felony. A man who *did* dial 999 in such circumstances has been paid a reward of £1,000 by the bank, which compares very favourably with the £15 or so a public servant may occasionally earn by tackling a gunman in the street. This episode fairly bristles with morals, one of which is: if you haven't already dashed round to your estate agent to bag a flat with a telephone over a bank, it's too late now. The rent will have soared sky-high.

Gesture for Humanity

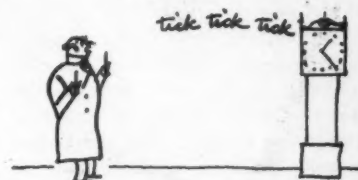
A DOCTOR has announced that in protest against nuclear weapons she proposes to conduct her Wednesday surgery in silence; she will communicate with her unfortunate patients in writing or, presumably, in dumb show. It is



odd how such a deadly serious question as the manufacture of atomic bombs produces such grotesque news items. Where will it end? My greengrocer wouldn't speak to me to-day; I don't know whether he was feeling liverish or protesting against blood sports.

St. Robot

IN Ottawa the Supreme Court has ruled that the Lord's Day Act is infringed by the use of automatic laundries on Sunday even if no person



is employed. I have a nasty feeling that if this argument is followed too far Canadians are going to find that it is illegal to put a coin in a slot-machine on the Sabbath Day.

State Opening?

WHEN I saw a headline in the *Guardian* reading "THE QUEEN OPENS HIGH-PRESSURE GAS PLANT" I experienced that uncanny feeling that I had been here before.

Do Beards Lose Votes?

A LABOUR candidate for Maldon Council has been asked to shave off the beard he has grown since his first election on the ground that it may label him an extremist. I suppose only the young come in the "beardies and weirdies" category; some elders still fancy their luck as looking more dignified, benevolent or paternal without benefit of razor. Protest marchers have probably done as much as any to give the beard its new nonconformist status, though in his day W. G. Grace might



Hollowood

"Wait a minute—aren't we still knocking up?"

have been called an extremist by some umpires. We can't count Marx; he was a foreigner.

Take Away that Bauble

THEY wanted a carnival queen in Shaftesbury but there were no applicants for the first time for 84 years so they may have to crown a carnival king instead. Why the Dorset maidens should be so shy is hard to say unless, living only a bit north of the Hardy country, their minds are more on the dark splendours of the Heath than on friveries that Tess would have scorned. Or is this the beginning of a republican movement away from even one-day monarchies,



"Theatre ticket agency, yes; cable office, yes; but THIS!"

and will future mothers be invited, if waking, to call their daughters early on May Day because they have been chosen to carry the banner for the Rally?

Nothing to Report Yet?

IT was mildly disturbing to receive from The Central London Productivity Association a letter which read, in its entirety, "Dear Sir, owing to unforeseen circumstances it has been decided to postpone the Annual General Meeting arranged for 28 June this year. Yours faithfully, A. J. Boldero, Hon. Secretary."

Pace-Setting

CLOSED prisons are rapidly being converted into open prisons—especially by prisoners.

On The Couch

THE centenary this week of the death of Elizabeth Barrett Browning makes me wonder what has become of the Great Invalids. Apart from Mrs. Browning herself on that sofa in an overheated Wimpole Street, there was Florence Nightingale, lying in apparent exhaustion and harrying Cabinet ministers until an advanced age, and Darwin, who was treated by his family as on the point of extinction for years and years. To-day we sometimes remember that a famous figure has overcome some disability but none of our contemporary heroes is, as it were, ostentatiously ill. I suppose psychosomatic medicine has rubbed it in that most bodily sickness comes from an unhealthy mind and invalids are afraid to own up.

Jaw-jaw is Worse than Snore-snore

I'M sorry that the authorities in Cresswell, Derbyshire, had to produce such a second-class excuse for banning chewing-gum at their swimming-baths. Their story is that gum can spoil people's bathing-costumes and hair, and indeed I'm sure it can. But the real argument against gum-chewing is that it looks so awful. When I was lecturing soldiers in the Army I used to begin by saying "Hands up the men who don't smoke. Very well, you can chew gum, but no one else can." But even when I'd arranged

to have them as far out of sight as possible I was still dogged by the nauseating sight of those steadily-champing jaws. Chewing gum is a splendidly health-giving activity, I have no doubt, but like various other aids to personal freshness it should be practised in private.

Single or Return?

THE news that it will cost America between £7,000 million and £14,000 million to put a man on the moon must be of little importance to the astronaut. A return trip would cost between £14,000 and £28,000.

"On Behalf Of My Client . . ."

I AM fascinated by the defence put up on behalf of a motorist who was involved in an accident in Wales. It seems that when he was in the Army he drove a total of 250,000 miles and that, in one Service outpost, "vehicles under his command covered a distance equal to six-and-a-half times around the world." I now wait to hear of a foreman, charged with drunkenness, pleading for leniency on the ground that his gang drank 30,000 gallons of beer in a year; or of a boast by a chief cashier, caught with his hand in the till, that his twelve clerks regularly handled ten million pounds a week. In face of such extenuation, how could any judge impose a harsh sentence?

Is There a Mechanic in the House?

WORD has come from Memphis, Tennessee, that automation has at last come to the hospital ward. Nurses there no longer have to visit the patients' bed-sides to check temperatures, pulse- and heart-rates; the readings are taken electronically and observed in a remote control tower. Now all the scientists have to devise is a robot capable of serving lukewarm tea and grisly jokes at 6.30 in the morning.

Platform Note

A CHARM School (official) for railwaymen has been started. In addition to the actual course, a "booklet of golden rules is being printed for presentation to employees as they pass out." Owing to the unusual effort, I suppose.

— MR. PUNCH

THEN AS NOW



THE LUDDITES



THE NEW LUDDITES



3

THE
THIRD
WORLD
POWER

Will Britain join the Common Market? The political, economic and social implications of the venture are discussed in this series of articles

Letter to My Grandson

BY RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

UNIVERSITY OF VIENNA
4 June, 1975

MY DEAR RANDOLPH—This is to wish you a very happy celebration of your tenth birthday. I am glad to think that your father has decided that after you leave Le Rosey you will go to Eton. Though we are all good Europeans to-day there is no reason why we should not cultivate our provincial roots; and it is excellent that your father has decided that after Eton, provided that you are clever enough, you shall go to Heidelberg University.

You are too young yet to have read the history of England in the 'thirties, 'forties, 'fifties and 'sixties. Indeed, except in the life of your great-grandfather which I wrote and hope you have read, the story has not yet been told. When you come to read it you will do so with amazement and baffledom. In those days Europe was a congeries of unrelated states which were often at war with each other. You will find yourself, when you come to manhood, a citizen of a vast new Empire. We lost one Empire in North America but made a new one in Canada, Australia, New Zealand and India. This, together with Ghana, Kenya and the Central African Confederation, was preserved as part of a Commonwealth by Mr. Harold Macmillan and Mr. Iain Macleod, both of whom I think you have met. It is a very splendid inheritance for every British subject.

In addition you are a citizen of a united Europe, for whose existence many people other than President de Gaulle, Chancellor Adenauer, Mr. Macmillan and the great ex-President Kennedy, deserve credit. Your great-uncles Sandys and Soames played an honourable part in all of this. So too did Lord Beddington-Behrens and Mr. Julian Amery. You will scarcely give credit to this tale, but in my youth when we wanted to go to the Continent we had to have passports and visas and travellers' cheques; and there were all sorts of complications about currency. Now of course this small cheque for one thousand European sterling-francs which I enclose can be cashed in any part of Europe without any trouble.

You probably don't realize, dear boy, how lucky you are. I don't suppose that you have ever experienced the horrors of "good plain English cooking." All your life you have profited from the French cuisine and I understand that when you go to Eton there will be a French chef in your House. If you could imagine how revolting the food was at Sheepshank's in my time and at Brocklebank's in your father's time you would sing a loud hosanna. But I suppose you will take all this for granted.

Of course Continental Europe has benefited greatly from the British contribution. Most Continental countries now have Public Schools like Eton and Winchester; but they are so well regulated that they seldom produce characters like Lord Dalton or Sir Oswald Mosley or the Duke of Coventry, whose Dukedom was thought a small price for kicking Richard Crossman upstairs in 1963. At the same time we are being very careful in Vienna to encourage all forms of eccentricity and individuality. This is the branch of learning over which I preside.

While uniting Europe we don't want in any way to destroy the parochial culture of the individual states which make up its whole. And my colleagues and I are always at special pains to make sure that the individual cultures of the numerous countries comprising the Confederation are protected and encouraged; since we would not wish to have a shoddy amalgam such as obtains and persists in the Soviet Union and in the United States of America and in the Latin-American Confederation.

Thus it is that we Europeans are getting the best of all worlds—English law and discipline—we now hang everyone who murders for gain—French cuisine, Italian art, German hard work, Swiss thrift, Scandinavian fresh air and sunbathing in the Baltic, and such like.

Oh! you are a lucky little boy and I trust that you will enter into the joy of your inheritance, which is spacious. When I think of the meagre European life to which I was brought up (but which together with a privileged handful we enjoyed) and I think that every Englishman of every class is now a privileged citizen of this glorious European Empire I do indeed feel happy. I do hope that you, dear boy, will profit from your splendid opportunities. If you don't like it you can always go off and live in Canada or New Zealand,

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL prides himself on being a good European, has travelled widely with an enquiring eye on the continent and was present at the opening of The Hague Conference.

two of the dullest countries I have ever had the misfortune to visit.

I am very happy here at the University of Vienna as Professor of European Individualism and Eccentricity. When Mr. Macmillan took us all into the Common Market our prospects became unbounded; but there was a fear that with a mass Common Market, with mass advertising and mass television, European life would become standardized, as alas it still is in the Soviet Union and in the United States of America. As a result of the wise guidance of the English Prime Minister, Mr. Julian Amery, this danger has been aborted.

As your father has doubtless told you I was appointed in 1970 to my chair at Vienna. We make it our business to instruct our students in all that concerns the former civilization of Europe—conversation, cooking, reading aloud, love, gardening, croquet, relaxation, and such like: all of which pastimes have been abandoned in the United States and have never been embarked upon in the Soviet Union.

One of the people I see most of in Vienna is your great-uncle Christopher. After four of five useful years as Minister of European Agriculture he too accepted a University chair,

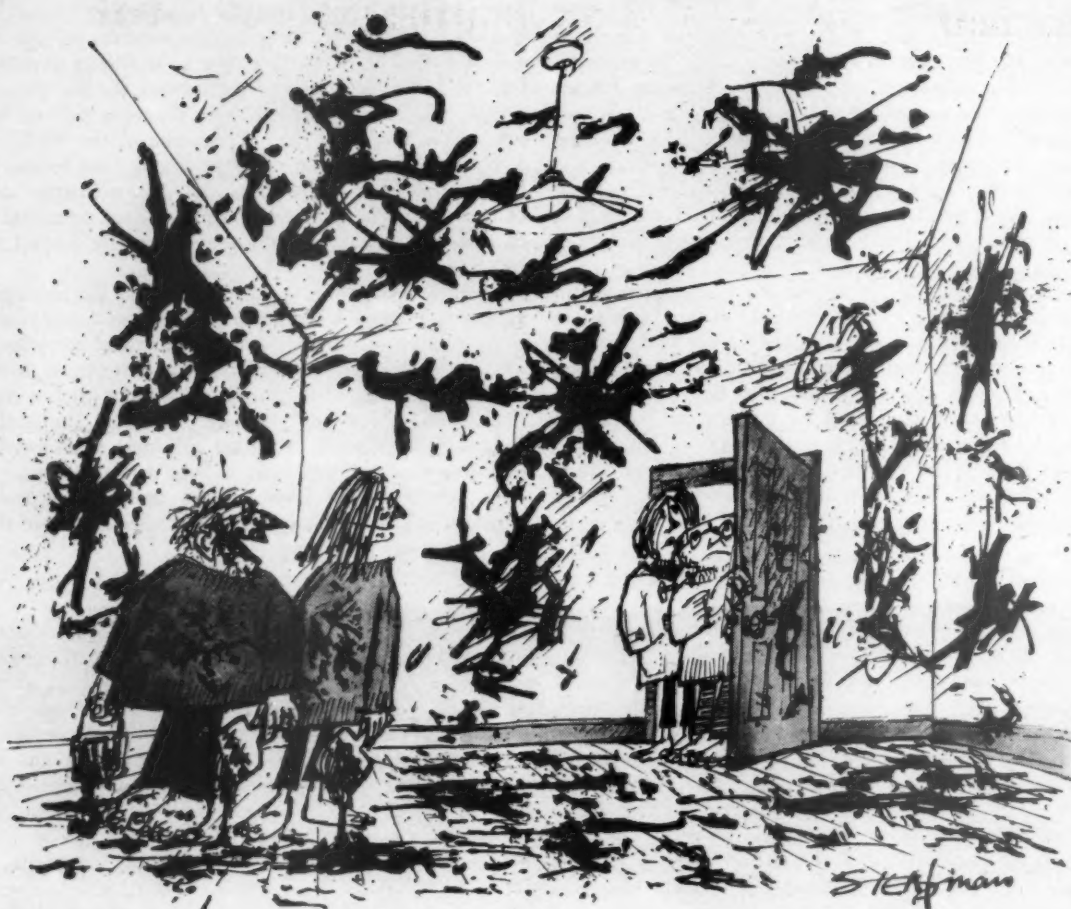
that of European Leisure. Immense strides of automation have created such a situation that no one needs to work more than four or five hours a week. As a result 90 per cent of the people of Europe, who still cannot be truthfully described as literate, hardly knew how to get through the day until Lord Soames popularized cricket and, by changing the rules in the most artful way (with the co-operation of the MCC), contrived that an important match now lasts—not for five days but for five weeks. This keeps a lot of people happy and out of trouble. It is much less harmful to look at cricket than to look at television, even Eurovision under Lord Beaverbrook's control.

When in 1965 it was decided to establish the headquarters of the European Confederation in Vienna many people thought it was a mistake to make the capital so close—only sixty miles—to the Iron Curtain; but this proved to be an illusory argument; because Vienna became such a magnet that within a few years Poland, Hungary, Rumania and Bulgaria shrugged the Russians off their shoulders in an effortless way, and once again became part of Europe.

As you know the Russians very sensibly accepted this situation and, having conquered China with the help of Britain



"It looks as if we'll have all the weather in Europe to worry about soon."



"Ah! come in—we're decorating."

and the United States of America five years ago, are very willing to accept a state of society in which it is Asia for the Asiatics, Europe for the Europeans and America for the Americans.

Your loving grandfather,
RANDOLPH S. CHURCHILL

PS. I am not sure that your father will be successful in his candidature for the Presidency of the European Confederation, though he has received the backing of President Robert Kennedy. It rather looks as if the grandson of Chancellor Adenauer will be elected. Don't be too disappointed if it turns out this way—very likely your father will be elected in 1980.

PPS. We have just had a visit from your father's godfather, Lord Beaverbrook, the Chairman of Eurovision, who has recently achieved the monumental age of ninety-six. As your father will have told you, he missed the boat when

British Commercial Television was started. But he very sensibly got in and took charge of Eurovision, not to make money but to make propaganda against a united Europe. Of course, he failed in his political enterprise (as he always failed in his other political enterprises) but nevertheless made a great deal of money out of it. He shares the control of Eurovision with Lord Thomson. In this way, the outer Empire is still associated in some degree with the European community.

Mind you are civil to Lord Beaverbrook next time you see him as he is a very unhappy man now that Canada has become a bridge, instead of an obstacle, between the United States and United Europe.

Further contributors:

GRAHAM HUTTON

NORMAN SHRAPNEL

The Land Where Time Stood Still

By ALEX ATKINSON

IT is comforting to be aware, as I am, that in the fevered rush and clamour of life in the twentieth century there still remains one quiet backwater (usually referred to as the United States of America) where old-fashioned ways prevail, where little or nothing is sacrificed to the god of Efficiency, where a man can live out his days in calm and blissful ignorance of the hectic march of progress which so bedevils the rest of mankind. Let them fool around with their new-fangled notions in Greece, or Con-nemara, or the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg: here in the land of Thoreau and Will Rogers folks are archaic and proud of it. It is their heritage: did not their forebears come rushing to these shores in crowded ships to escape the soul-destroying bondage of the gadget, the liberal arts, the time-saver, the cunning invention, the spread of enlightenment and the introduction of universal suffrage? Here a man is *free*—free to muddle along amid the last, jealously preserved remnants of primeval chaos: aware, perhaps, that some hysterical disease called modern living may be raging in far-off lands, but dreamily content to take no part in it himself beyond an occasional flurry of whimsical imitation.

My thermometer is a case in point.

It is a charming imitation of a useful gadget, and it cost me a quarter. (I didn't *need* it, but it's easy here to fall into the quaint old habit of buying things not for a purpose but to satisfy the simple, primitive urge of the collector. Aeons ago, hairy, blunt-faced creatures with two legs collected useless, brightly coloured pebbles, or the eggs of pterodactyls, or curiously shaped twigs; similarly to-day, in America, one collects exquisitely boring LPs with glossy sleeves, gay socks with built-in shrinkage, caressable pens that will write on butter but not on paper, and these damned thermometers.) It is round and you fix it to the wall with a rubber sucker. After exactly ten minutes it falls off and rolls through the two-inch gap that separates the floor from the bottom of the sliding-door of the airtight built-in wardrobe. When I bought it it was registering 107° Fahrenheit in a department store so humorously air-conditioned that the assistants' teeth were chattering. On the way home, in an officially announced average temperature of 92° with humidity standing at 70 per cent, it registered a few degrees below freezing point. It is at present nailed to the bathroom door, and it has stood immovably at 136° for the past four

and a half weeks, come hail, rain or thermostatically controlled two-way automatic fans. Sometimes I get up in the middle of the night, put on a heavy overcoat, and sneak up on it to take it unawares. No change. It's always 136°, and I wouldn't really have it otherwise. Accuracy may be all very well for those headstrong, technology-mad fools in Sicily or the Solomon Islands: hereabouts, we prefer to stay bogged down in a world of medieval fantasy.

Or take my coffee-pot. There was a modern, efficient look about it and, according to one of the half-dozen close-printed tags that were strung around its neck, delicately misspelt and laughably punctuated, it had been fashioned from the same secret material as is used in the making of space missiles. It was very reassuring, I can tell you, when I actually set about preparing coffee in it, to find that a sharp tap on the spout with a teaspoon was enough to break off a lump of this missile material about the size of an English muffin, and so render the whole complex machine sublimely useless.

Take, if it comes to that, the English muffin itself. These things are available in great quantities here. I have not been able to determine precisely what they are supposed to be, but I suspect

In next Wednesday's PUNCH

BEYOND THE FRINGE

PATRICK SKENE CATLING

looks at the four young men responsible for this hit revue.

GRAHAM HUTTON

on

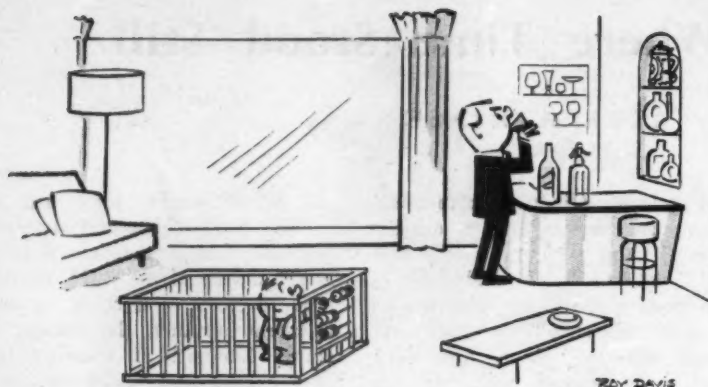
THE COMMON MARKET

PETER DICKINSON

on

PALGRAVE AND MERMAID POETRY





ROY DAVIS

that they must be some form of confectionery out of the mists of English history. Anne Hathaway, I have no doubt, used to serve them to her Will on chill Warwickshire afternoons, and now, in this musty repository of things past, they still prevail. "Prithee," I sometimes cry, as I enter my favourite New Jersey tavern, "let me partake of a goodly platter of marchpane, larks' tongues and syllabub, and a mess of coleslaw on the side withal. Nay, I'll warrant me 'tis a saucy young wench thou hast for serving-maid this day, good master Butch! Fetch me a quartern of sack, the while I dally with her in yon inglenook. Methinks I have about me such trinkets and baubles as may please such an one mightily, the which I will bestow upon her in hope that she may favour me with a dimpled smile." "Sure," says Butch, "go thou ahead, I pray you."

At this very moment, for nine dollars a month, in the United States of America, you can hire a spinet; and if you take a fancy to it you can buy it outright. I don't know how the market is for lutes, serpents, ophicleides or water-glasses, but when you think that demure teenagers in Pittsburgh are settling down these summer evenings to entertain their swains with dainty spinet sonatas—when you recall that in 1958 Erroll Garner himself recorded a piece called "When Paris Cries" upon the harpsichord—when you take in the fact that newspapers in New York and Philadelphia still devote page after page to things they call "nuptials," "troths" and "debs"—you will understand why so many so-called historical romances have been written in America. They're

not historical romances at all: that's the way these people *live*!

The mention of newspapers reminds me that a bare eight hours after my telephone had been connected, somebody with a fatherly voice (he sounded as though he had been recently fired from a filter-tip commercial for overdoing the sincerity) rang me up to explain how unbearable life would be if I didn't have the local morning paper delivered each day. In other, foolishly go-ahead countries the daily delivery of newspapers may be taken for granted, but in these backward parts, where citizens still have their trousers held up by belts like Boy Scouts and will spit on pavement and passer-by alike while on their panic-stricken way to be X-rayed in case of tuberculosis, such a service counts as a luxury. Being anxious to savour all the delights of American life, including the freedom to stand fumbling in the rain for change at the corner news-stall every morning, I told the fatherly voice that I didn't intend to start having any papers delivered through my mail-box in time for breakfast, thank you very much. Three quarters of an hour later, my heart-strings limp after a droning barrage of persuasion which culminated in the syrupy announcement that part of my first six-months' subscription would go straight into a cancer-relief fund, I yielded. The fatherly voice blessed me, and we got down to meticulously detailed arrangements, including all my middle names, the advantage of having the Sunday edition too, and the precise location of my apartment.

That was nine months ago, and I am happy to say that from that day to this not a single morning paper of

any kind or description has been delivered to my door.

This charming attitude of *laissez-faire*, this *mañana* mentality, this simple scorn for the basic principles of efficiency—all these reactions against the tempting encroachments of progress combine to create and preserve the old-world charm of life in the US. They account for the fact that subway stations in big cities are situated in foul, evil-smelling, dim-lit catacombs, into which visitors from such sophisticated places as Naples or Glasgow are unwilling to venture except in threes, heavily armed. They account for the system of garbage collection in one of the biggest towns in the country, by which soggy cartons full of fishbones, boiled cabbage, clam shells and old lumps of strawberry shortcake are carefully placed on the sidewalk by ratepayers, so that they may be kicked up and down the street by small children dressed as Confederate soldiers. They account for beggars, and the existence of unemployment, and the shooting dead of burglars by policemen, and the arguments at cocktail parties about whether or not a



"Furthermore, the action of the government in imposing severe restrictions on credit trading last April, resulting in a serious fall in the volume of business . . .

man should continue to enjoy the freedom to die of some malignant disease because he can't afford to see a doctor. They account for a fierce, out-of-date, flag-waving nationalistic fervour unequalled anywhere in the world with the possible exception of the Soviet Union and Cuba. And, of course, they account for the cheerful determination to keep on building enormous, clumsy motor-cars, when

every other nation has long ago realized that such things are about as useful in modern traffic as a cross-eyed dinosaur in a six-furlong horse-race for two-year-olds, maidens at starting.

There are times, you may be sure, when one yearns for the exhilarating hurly-burly of Manchester, the glittering slickness and modernity of Portofino or Camden Town; but on the whole one tends to slip rather easily into the good old hidebound anachronistic conditions of life in America. So much so, indeed, that I recently caught myself going pale at the news that in Philadelphia, with effect from June 18, it will be legal for a grown man or woman to have a drink in an hotel *on a Sunday*. It may seem a small thing to you, but it looks like the thin end of a wedge to me. Give progress an inch and before you know it they'll be filling in the six-inch-deep potholes in the main streets of the city, serving roast beef in thin slices, and introducing s*c**l*s*d m*d*c*n*.

Lord in Waiting

"I would sit in the middle of Carfax until someone made a real effort to remove the menace of the motor car from the life of the country." —Lord Esher.

CALMLY at Carfax good Lord Esher waits,
Careless of whom his sitting incommodes,
Till someone finally eliminates
The car from Carfax and the country's roads.

He knows it is the peer's most proper task
And privilege as one of the elect
To risk the public's ridicule and ask
For what the public needs but would reject.

So, lost alike to sympathy and scorn,
Lord Esher sits alone and bends an eye
Blind to the ribald riches of the Corn
Upon the stricken splendours of the High,

Aware that what he waits for cannot win,
Consciously cracked, unconsciously sublime,
Ready to get run over or run in
Rather than countenance the march of time.

— P. M. HUBBARD



"... underselling by imported goods produced under advantageous labour conditions prevailing abroad, has made considerable inroads ...



"... painful to report that labour relations at our Arlington works have not visibly improved. The disastrous unofficial strike of last July ...



"... failure of the Chancellor to provide a much-needed incentive in the Budget for an industry, which, it is not too much to say, has been, for a hundred years one of the backbones ...



"... The Directors therefore recommend, as in previous years, a final dividend of 20% making 35% for the year."



Now that Cunard are taking to the air we feel they should be warned that their old customers will expect the great traditions established on the North Atlantic to be fully maintained above it.

For instance, no passenger will be allowed to carry anything

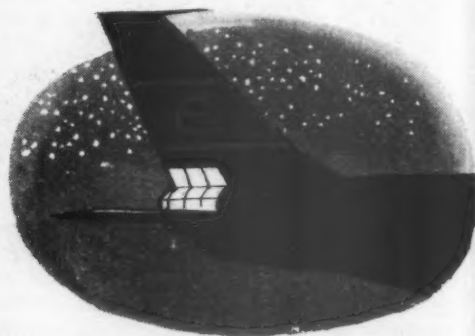
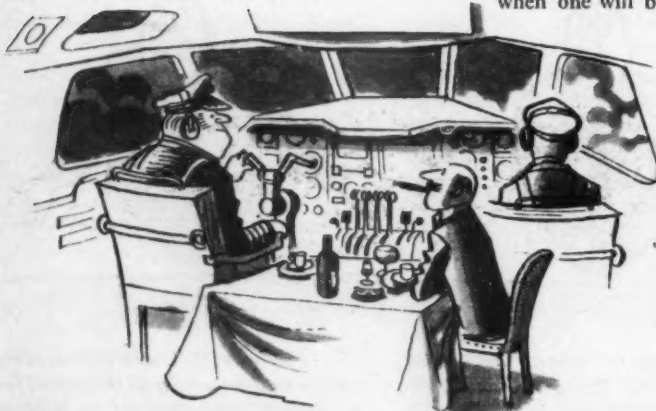


—and one's friends will come aboard for a party before—

Take off—

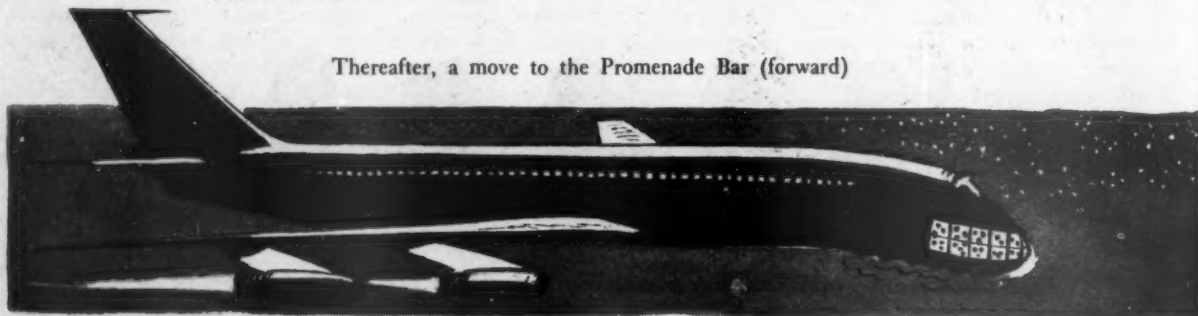


when one will be given beef broth and wrapped in a cocoon, while the ports are secured.

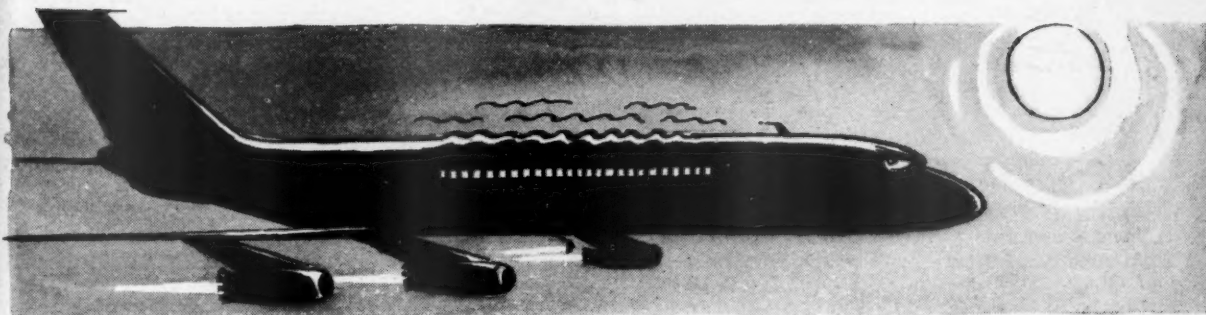


Dinner at the Captain's Table will be less formal, naturally—unless one hires the Queen's Room for a private party.

Thereafter, a move to the Promenade Bar (forward)



then Dancing (& Bingo) in the Grand Saloon (midships)



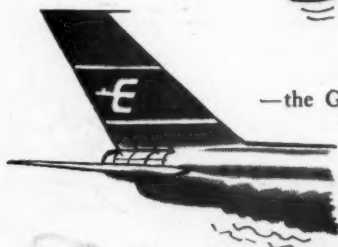
Cabin Stewards will firmly suggest
a Salt Water Bath before Breakfast—



Then Visits to the Engines—

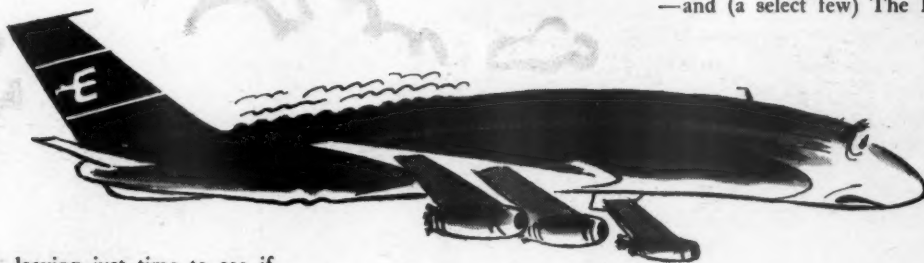


—the Galley—



—and (a select few) The Bridge,

—leaving just time to see if
one won the Sweepstake on the Night's Run (Smoke Room, aft)



before ("having as always enjoyed the best of everything") one disembarks.

Dripsomania

By E. S. TURNER

THIS summer, at Heerlen in Holland, a golden trophy will be awarded to the man or woman with the biggest collection of *biereglasundersetzer*, *sous-verres*, coasters or drip-mats. No one will be wildly surprised to learn that the trophy will take the form of a drip-mat, making up in glory what it lacks in soakability.

At last year's international convention of tegestologists in Germany six hundred delegates swopped 45,000 drip-mats in five hours—mats from Communist beer gardens and Western strip clubs, eight-colour mats from the

Olympic Games and mats calling for Sunday opening in Monmouthshire. The winner of the 1960 golden mat fielded 18,000 entries, and the 1959 winner 26,000.

Teges is the Latin for "a mat, a covering." A scholar might pardonably guess that "tegestologist," if it means anything, means one versed in the science of rugs or rug-making. The Romans, in or out of their orgies, do not seem to have used drip-mats, possibly because their laws did not compel them to fill their glasses to the brim. Britain puddled along without

mats until the 1920s, though sometimes the fastidious used porcelain coasters (a name more widely current in America).

The drinkers of Britain now dribble on to some three hundred million drip-mats a year. This is only about the same number as are used in Belgium, with one-tenth the population (a very vigorous beer-mat plant operates hard by the field of Waterloo). In Europe there are factories where tree trunks go in one end and beer mats come out of the other, a sight to intoxicate the tegestologist if not the tree-lover.

It is a matter for scandal in the councils of the British Drip-Mat Association that the South of England uses only half as many drip-mats as the Midlands and the North. London publicans, as often as not, prefer to wipe their counters and tables with an off-white towel, arguing that beer mats are unsightly or that their patrons would only steal them or throw them about. They *like* their pianos with rings on. But north of the Fifty-Second Parallel, where more gracious living sets in, men and women expect a mat under their beer mug as they expect a saucer under their tea-cup. If it has a joke on it so much the better.

The British Beer Mat Collectors Society was founded last year for the general advancement and regulation of tegestology. Its presidents are the comedians Morecambe and Wise, who have a very discriminating collection in their tegestorium. Mr. Derek Preedy, secretary of the Society, has sent a memorandum to the Pilkington Committee on Broadcasting calling for a more generous approach to the hobby. The Society's monthly magazine describes, among other things, ways of displaying collections. While one man likes to cover the walls with drip-mats another (like a lieutenant in the Fleet Air Arm) prefers to cover his ceiling. Another mounts his on rolls of bus ticket paper and suspends them; another keeps them in an album. On the whole mothers look more kindly on beer mats on the bedroom wall than on pin-ups.



An advertisement in *The Beer Mat Magazine* says: "Keep Your Beer Mats Clean By Using — Invisible Wallpaper Protector." It seems another cleaning fluid firm was approached, but there was "a complete lack of co-operation." Many useful tips appear in the magazine. Thus: "Nigel McCrea writes to say that there are no breweries in Crete, Afghanistan, Barbados, Bermuda, Corsica, Liberia, Monaco, Saudi Arabia and the Yemen." The Society has contacts with Czechoslovakia, Japan and the Persian Gulf but none, apparently, with Ireland.

It goes without saying that the membership card of the Society is in the form and substance of a beer mat. A member who cannot produce his mat when challenged must make a contribution to the Society's funds. This explains such otherwise cryptic statements in the magazine as "I was caught 'mats down' by Mrs. Edwards."

Members of the Society do not just pick up any beer mats they fancy and pocket them; they ask the landlord's permission. A small cloud, no bigger than a drip-mat, was sighted over Derbyshire recently, when a man was prosecuted for the theft of a beer mat, "the value of one penny," from a public-house. Had he not also taken an ashtray, it is unlikely that he would have found himself in court. The collector must therefore distinguish between drip-mats which are meant to be taken away and drip-mats which are not to be taken away. Normally, landlords respond favourably to polite requests and may even produce a wider choice from under the counter. But a Durham publican wrote a long and testy letter to the press complaining of bands of young men who burst into his premises demanding beer mats. To his question "Are you drinking any beer here?" they replied, "No, we only want beer mats."

Beer mats advertise just about anything these days, from snuff to fertilizers, from traction engine rallies to trips around Jersey. There are mats which urge one to be a Regular soldier, or a Territorial, or a Royal Marine, or to join any one of a dozen other regiments. ("Why did you decide to become a soldier, Field-Marshal?" — "Actually, I got the idea from a beer mat in a pub at Dewsbury.") There are mats which nag for safety first



"Hold it a moment, Miss Forsyth. I've an idea I should be foot-faulting you."

on the roads. Political parties have scarcely penetrated this medium as yet, but there was an election mat bearing the appeal, in Conservative blue, "Mac Again Please," with the less ambiguous "Bossom This Time" on the obverse. There is a whole archipelago of mats in the shape of islands, among them Malta, the Isle of Wight and the Danish island of Fyen. There is a mat bearing the portrait of the president of the International Association of Drip-Mat and Label Collectors, of Duisburg, with the message "*Viel Sammerlergluck!*" There is a mat in America with a message in invisible ink, which comes to life only when beer is slopped on it.

Again there are mats with crossword squares, mats with horoscopes, mats (inevitably) with vintage cars and various mats of mild impropriety. Just now there is a scramble for a new line of Whitbread mats with *Punch* joke drawings. There are also mats for chocolate houses, one of which bears the information that Montezuma used to consume fifty pitchers of chocolate a day. This is the answer to those who say that drip-mat collecting is not an educative hobby. If poets could be induced to part with the beer mat rights of their shorter pieces, it could more confidently be hailed as a cultural hobby.


Beer mats come in pulp-board, cellulose wadding, cork, cardboard, plastic foam (washable, drip-dry) and

paper tissue (mostly for cocktail glasses). Those who collect tissue mats may not know it, but they are hovering on the edge of papyrophily, a mania which has been hived off by tegestology. Its members have a special hankering for printed paper serviettes, but they leave beer bottle labels to the meadophilists.

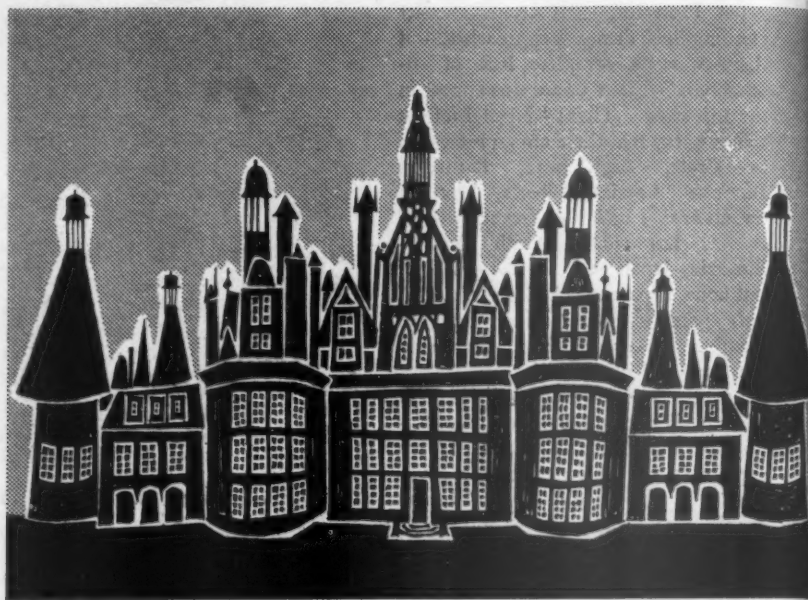
The British Drip-Mat Association looks indulgently on the activities of collectors. Its chairman, Mr. Charles Edward Tresise, has striven mightily since the war to mop up the wettest counters in the world. The firm of Tresise at Burton-on-Trent is an object of pilgrimage and of schoolboy solicitation (when one boy is sent samples, the rest of the form write in). It was Mr. Tresise who let loose on the West-end of London a beer mat treasure-hunt, with columnists and starlets tearing from one drinking-hole to another in chauffeur-driven cars. He is not worried by the new dispensation which allows publicans to serve beer in vessels less than half a pint in capacity, so long as the load-line is marked. Increased use of refrigeration, he points out, means more condensation on the outside of the glass, consequently more dribble. Even if all dribble were abolished, drip-mats would still be necessary in order to tell people not to drink too much and to recruit the soldiers of the Queen. And, of course, to collect.

"I don't want to see young men at the age of eighteen suddenly going off for a booze-up . . . I want to see them begin in their own home or public school. A young man . . . when he is around eighteen . . . will have been educated to alcohol."

Mr. Rees-Davies, MP



BACCHUS COLLEGE



"If you can keep your head when all about you . . ."

The School Song

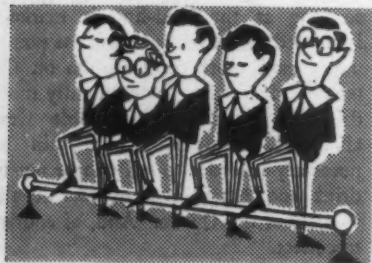
A "port-run" on a desk in the Upper Fourth



A corner of the tuck shop



Juniors exercising on the parallel bar in the gymnasium



BACCHUS COLLEGE was founded in 1961 by Mr. W. R. Rees-Davies, Member of Parliament, to provide a liberal education in alcohol for the sons of gentlemen and businessmen.

It is situated on peat soil and surrounded on all sides by hopfields and vineyards. The capacious and picturesque school buildings are an exact reproduction of the Château de Cuvée, one of the show places of the Gironde.

There are four houses, which are named after the first growths of Bordeaux—Château Lafite, Château Margaux, Château Latour and Château Haut-Brion. Accommodation for boys is on a generous scale, and in addition each house has its own wine-cellar. Boys are permitted to keep their private bins (not exceeding two dozen bottles) by special arrangement with housemasters.

Particular attention has been given to providing the most modern equipment. In the Modern Side laboratories, boys learn to operate and maintain beer-engines of all the most recent patterns and to familiarize themselves with every kind of crown cork opener and soda-water aerator. The candle-lit Classical Side tasting-room is equipped with sand-filled spitting-trays of up-to-date design.

The André L. Simon Memorial Library is stocked with books chosen in consultation with M. Simon, and contains a complete set of bound volumes of the *Wine and Food Quarterly*. Books of a lighter character are kept in the Dylan Thomas Room.

There is a large carpentry workshop, where woodwork is taught under the supervision of an experienced cooper.

The five acres of grounds include a model vineyard besides tennis and fives courts and Rugby and cricket pitches. Storage space is provided in the pavilion for cooled beer, and it is intended to inaugurate a tradition whereby every boy provides a pewter tankard on leaving.

Besides Rugby, cricket, tennis, *chemin-de-fer* and Eton fives, boys also take part in wine-treading, cider-pressing and hop-picking, as great emphasis is laid on the practical side of education. A site has been earmarked for the installation of a pot-still, and it is hoped that work will begin on this next year.

The Licensing Justices have granted the College a full club licence. Permitted hours are from three to eleven p.m. on weekdays and from seven to ten p.m. on Sundays. Parents must be signed in by a boy or a member of the Staff.

CURRICULUM

Education at Bacchus is divided into two main streams: **Classical** ("winers"), for those going straight into business.* Education on the classical side is based on a thorough grounding in the geography of the wine-producing districts of the world, the history of their great vintages and the language of appreciation; boys in their last two years are encouraged to put increasing emphasis on personal research. Boys on the modern side start by learning the physics of intake and flow, move on to the chemistry of the body and thence, by degrees, to the biological needs of men called by society to consume six double gins before luncheon five days a week. Throughout the course there is ample use of demonstration and experiment.

In neither stream does Bacchus aim to produce an exacting standard of scholarship, rather a good all-round knowledge. We do not believe that drinking ends when a boy leaves school, but that it is a continuing process throughout life. The finest type of Old Bacchanalian is he who can face the vicissitudes of life with a clear, glassy eye, and is prepared to try to stand on his own feet when all around him have fallen down.

Outside the classroom the same principles prevail. Emphasis is on the formation of character and a strong head. Discipline is mild but firm, minor infringements of rules being punished by periods of labour in the school vineyard. Though Bacchus is a comparatively recent foundation, traditions have been quick to emerge, such as the amusing ceremony of "uncorking" new boys and the giving up of white Burgundy for Lent by the Classical Fifth.

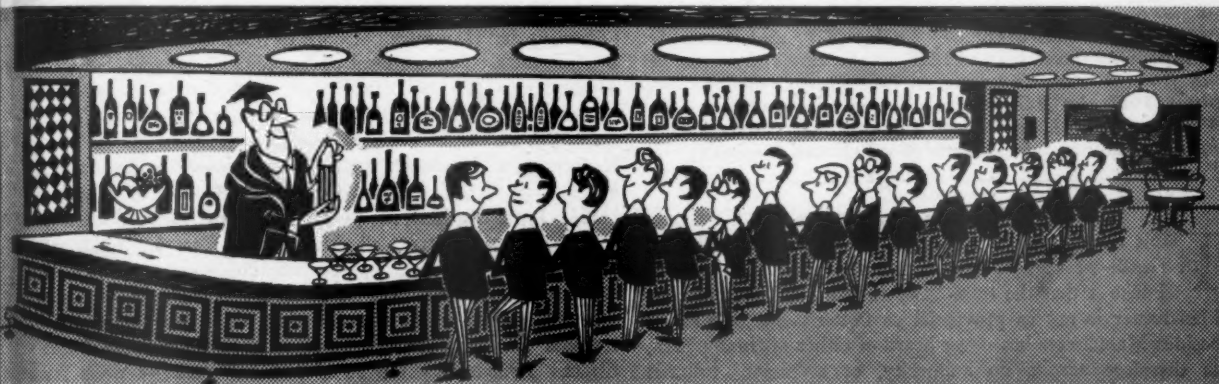
The biggest event in the school calendar is Speech Day ("Gabbles"), when prizes of return tickets to Mainz, Rheims, Coblenz, etc., are awarded to outstanding pupils and in the evening speeches are made by Sixth formers still able to Speak. The Christmas term starts a fortnight late to allow the staff to return from the *Vendange*.

* "Rummers," the special course designed for those going into the colonial service, was merged with "ginners" in 1958, owing to lack of demand.

▼ A house-match



The Modern Sixth carrying out a controlled experiment in the laboratory



THE SENIOR STAFF

E. J. BAXTER, MA—Headmaster and Senior Classics Master. Author of *With a Corkscrew Down the Rhine*, etc. Hon. Doctor of Agriculture at Coblenz University. Awarded *Légion d'Honneur* for services to claret.

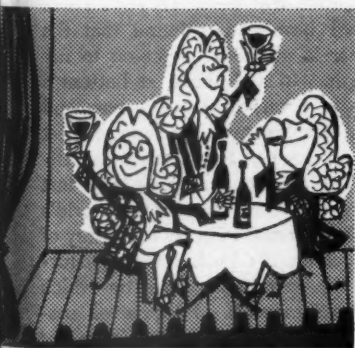
GAVIN PHELPS-ROSE—Senior Modern Master. Has wide practical experience as PRO to various business organizations.

DR. HUGO V. STELLER, MD Biology—Author of several monographs on the human liver. In charge of the sanatorium.

B. HAVINGTON SMITH, LLB—Specialist in beer, cider, mead, etc. Also lectures on the Law in Relation to Intoxicants.

SIMON DE HAVERS, BA (Anthrop.) *Chevalier de Tastevin*—Geography. Has travelled extensively and acquired unrivalled experience of exotics from Sake to Poteen.

R. A. PULFREY, MA (Cantab.)—In charge of all extras, including Latin, Greek, cricket, football, mathematics, drama and English language.



▲ The School play

The North speaks first in this week's
"Hard or Soft?" debate

versus NORTH SOUTH



Attitude to Sport

By NEVILLE CARDUS

NEVILLE CARDUS, now resident in London, but born in Manchester. Formal education at a "Board" school, 1898-1901. Subsequently self-educated though influenced by the Hallé Concerts, Old Trafford and the "Manchester Guardian." Professional cricketer in his early twenties, coaching in the nets at Shrewsbury School, assistant to Attewell and Wainwright, both England players. Wrote cricket articles for the "Manchester Guardian" day by day (8000 words weekly in summer) from 1919 to 1938, at the same time working for the same newspaper as deputy music-critic. Since 1927 the "Guardian's" principal music-critic. Written several books on cricket and music. Two music books translated into Swedish and German.

FOR the purpose of my share in this argument (in the North we say, "I'm not arguing—I'm telling you"), I take it that the term "South" means London. For Manchester is not as provincial as Potter's Bar or Ealing; besides Manchester has never heard of either of these places, so therefore admits no animosity, or suspicion, towards them. London, as a fact, is hard to locate, even by a Londoner. It is a geographical or a cartographical expression. At Lord's a few years ago, Yorkshire, then the champion county by divine right, was slowly but surely being defeated. Near the Tavern a Yorkshireman watched speechless the persistent falling of his county's wickets. As the ninth was taken, the state of things became too much for him. He broke silence. "Yorkshire losin' to Middlesex! Who'd a' thowt it? And, anyway, wheer is Middlesex? Is it in London?"

County boundaries, county character, are eliminated by London's sprawling bulk. And in the North of England, in Manchester especially, it is character that matters first, certainly not "culture." When I lived in Manchester the word "culture" was seldom pronounced. Even if we had heard it spoken on the Irwell air, we wouldn't have known exactly its meaning. "Kultur?" Yes; we vaguely had heard of "Kultur," connecting it with Kaiser Wilhelm—in those days as remote from Manchester as Primrose Hill or Poplar.

True, there were numerous Germans living in Manchester in the years of my youth there. But the climate generally assimilated them. Climate in Manchester is thicker than blood or water (i.e. rain); even C. P. Scott and C. E. Montague, though born in Bath and London respectively, Corpus Christi and Balliol, were each taken into Manchester's seductive, carbondioxidized atmosphere, so much so that they would have had to produce birth certificates to prove (to posterity) that they were not born in Manchester.

The greatest metaphysical philosopher of his day, Samuel Alexander, a Jew born in Sydney, was for half-a-century recognizable as part of the Manchester scene, riding down Oxford Road, like C. P. Scott, on his bicycle from Manchester University, a Manchester spectacle and possession. Brodsky, first to play the Tchaikovsky violin Concerto, Charles Hallé, Lord Rutherford (originally from New Zealand), Tout, Flinders Petrie, all Manchester men by birth or assimilation! London, having no compact concentrated character, does not likewise absorb Northerners, or any sort of foreigner, to a point that they lose county or regional identity. A Scot remains a Scot, even in Fleet Street. I have myself lived in London week by week for more than a dozen years, and though my Lancashire accent is leaving me, I am in psychological texture—a jargon picked up in London—to this day as Lancastrian as Albert Square and Throstle's Nest. (To excuse the weakening of my Lancashire accent, may I mention that for seven years I was a citizen of Sydney?) But I have always found that the average untravelled Londoner is not easy to get on to my North of England wavelength. It is, I think, at bottom a matter of humour. I have met wits in London now and again (yet none as witty as Sir Thomas Beecham, Ernest Newman and James Agate, all three of the North). A self-conscious manner is imposed on Londoners by the fact that they grow up knowing that they live in the world's greatest city, historically, culturally and in every other way of human accomplishment. Such a self-consciousness is naturally crippling. London is the spectacular stage on which its people appear—in profuse *ensemble*. Puppets of cosmopolis and the latest fashions! London simply dare not be out of fashion. London's long-run must be re-dressed

time and time and time again. The consequence of a perpetual awareness of the greatness of London—which, as we have seen, annihilates a county identity—encourages Londoners to assume attitudes of sophistication, attitudes often involuntary and habitual. Nobody with Lancastrian humour could go to a cocktail party anywhere in London between Dover Street and St. John's Wood and not risk expulsion on account of his raucous, irrepressible, laughter. An unusually intelligent Londoner *might* share a Lancastrian's awareness of the ridiculousness of London's social and rather suburban poses, but he would show and express it in terms of a rather sour and superior cynicism. Wit is a form of intellectual snobbery, unless it is leavened by humour. Unadulterated humour is probably provincial, because it does not respect social divisions, breeding, or taste (real or put-on) and, most important, because it doesn't know itself how funny it is.

The following incident will illustrate and characterize Lancashire humour. Some years ago, during the period of rationing, I went to Rochdale on a bitter winter night to give a lecture in a cold, gloomy schoolroom. An audience of a hundred or two had braved the weather; and they sat at my feet ill-clad. But they *laughed*, saw my points in advance. At the end of the lecture a man in a scarf and a cloth cap came from the audience to the classroom at the back of the platform, and, shaking me by the hand, said "Hey, Mr.

Cardus, that were a grand talk. Ah left a warm fireside to come and hear you. And Ah paid one-and-six to come in. And Ah've reight enjoyed myself, that Ah have." He paused, then added "Mind you, Ah wouldn't do it agen!" I doubt if this brand of humour is comprehensible in the King's Road, Chelsea, or in Hampstead Village, not to mention Swiss Cottage.

This Lancashire humour—not a laughing matter, remember—is the main thing dividing North from South of England and rendering the North preferable in the sight of God. This humour was given to Lancastrians to arm them, to succour them, to support them, and to lighten their ways through the dark Satanic streets and mills. Lancashire once lived very near to the bone. (The difference between Yorkshire breadth of human nature and Lancashire Lowry-ish leanness is the difference between woollens and cottons.) Lancashire humour—here's another instance. A famous cricketer, Lancashire and England, was cruelly ill. An old-time colleague, also an International, went to see him. "Aye, George," said the sick man, "Ah've had stone taken out, and Ah've got arthritis bad, and Ah've soon to 'ave operation for mi cataract" . . . Pause . . . "Mind you, George, there's nothin' the matter with me."

But I mustn't overdo the Lowry and George Formby (senior) view of Lancashire. The county nurtured, if it

"Isabelle! The doctor's off-duty!"



Heroes at Bay



"Yes, I'm the guy."



"There wasn't anything else to do."



"You don't have TIME to get scared."



"I guess I'll never live THAT down!"



"I just happened to be in the right spot at the right time."



"I was scared as HELL!"

didn't always financially make rich, the best written and most closely thought-out newspaper in the world. Gaunt men, Nonconformist of visage, waited until they got home from office and mill at night before reading the *Manchester Guardian*. Once I quoted Goethe in a concert notice, and I asked C. P. Scott if it wouldn't be as well if I were to provide a translation. "But why?" he asked, adding, "let our readers educate themselves up to us." From Lancashire emerged three of cricket's most romantically-poised players—A. C. Maclaren, all majestic; R. H. Spooner, out of Debrett's every stroke; and D'Artagnan John Thomas Tyldesley, who scored in one season 3000 runs with an average of 55, half of them at Old Trafford on wickets dangerous to limb and thorax. From Lancashire, in our own time, blossomed the lovely girl Kathleen Ferrier, the most poignant of all singers of the music of Gustav Mahler, most un-English of composers. From Lancashire James Agate forced his aggressive

way out of the primordial slime to embody raffish cosmopolitanism, without hurt to his essential provincial concentration of Ego. From Lancashire Richard Lewis has sung his way to a fair height of tenor lyricism. Ernest Newman, though unfortunately born in Liverpool, a place not regarded as genuinely Lancastrian by Manchester folk ("Manchester men—Liverpool gentle-men") remained an "outsider" (like myself) to London. He worked in the capital for the last forty years of his long life, none the less he died a man of the North. Fashionable circles in the South, the Sitwells thrown in, have not exorcised from Sir William Walton and his music a Lancastrian downrightness and humorous disregard of the "latest" musical movements. He could, if he liked, compose atonally to a length, or rather to a brevity, which would astonish even Mr. William Glock. Alan Rawsthorne is as rooted to Manchester as the Hallé Orchestra itself; the more his music changes the more it remains the same thing,



"I'd rather not talk about it."

B. Wiseman



"No, no, it's you men who panic. Having babies is nothing to worry about."

expressive of an obstinate North country independence of outlook. Eric Newton, nearly our only art critic who doesn't use the jargon of London's egg-headed fraternity, lived in Manchester in his formative years. He was, by the way, then also an actor of much personal charm and art in one of England's earliest and most forward-looking "Little" theatres, the "Unnamed Society," directed by a Manchester genius, Frank Sladen-Smith, who wouldn't be drawn to London. Sladen-Smith was producing in a Manchester slum, where he changed a top-room in a factory to a "Little" theatre of style, plays by O'Neill and Anouilh some time before Sloane Square had advanced beyond Shaw, and before the West End had thoroughly digested Noël Coward. Sladen-Smith was one of the few Manchester men of my acquaintance who had more of wit than humour. (Deep down in me I suspect that originally he came from the South.) We were once discussing "honours," "knightships," and I asked Sladen-

Smith if he would accept one if one were rightly offered him. "Of course!" he replied. "Not to accept a knighthood is a sort of inverted snobbery. Of course I'd accept: I'd accept anything. Would you?" Then charmingly he added, "I beg your pardon—will you?" Not all conversation in the North is about "brass." Even in the sombre hinterland of Lancashire—St. Helens or Mumps Railway Station—not all voices speak in the unhoneyed tones of Shelagh Delaney (who, I suspect, has enjoyed with Miss Littlewood, also Lancashire, her private laugh at London's hysteria about her play).

There is Manchester Grammar School, true—but I don't know for sure if Manchester and Lancashire remain today faithful to Scott, Owens College, Alfred Hopkinson, Ancoats and Charles Rowley, Harry Dean and Dick Tyldesley (from Burnley and Westhoughton, both Lancashire and All-England cricketers), Charles Collier, the Hallé Orchestra harpist from Richter's to Barbirolli's day (where is he now, I wonder?), and Lowry, who is as much Lancashire in looks as any of his pictures. At a Lowry exhibition in London, I told him that one of his pictures was really a masterpiece—"you've got it all there, the atmosphere, the streets, the people, all going somewhere or nowhere." And Lowry, contemplating the work of his own hand, said dubiously, "Aye; Ah did me best to get it. . . But—but d'you think it'll live?" This was the voice of Lancashire as I have known it. Not always did I hear the proper tone when, a year or two ago, I returned to Manchester after a decade of exile and, as I was entering the *Guardian* building, a voice sceptically asked if I had an appointment. The Hallé Orchestra, I hear, is not generously endowed by monies from the Manchester Corporation. It never was. Manchester allowed Miss Horniman's Gaiety Theatre to perish (and Londoners will never let us hear the last of it). But Miss Horniman had had her day and rendered her immense service. Her playwrights overdid the "holding-up the mirror," to Irlam o' th' Heights, Miles Platting and West Didsbury. But she gathered together a marvellous company of men and players: Allan Monkhouse, Houghton, Brighouse, Iden Payne, Sybil Thorndike, Lewis Casson, Basil Dean, and the pale Miss Darragh—her first name was never pronounced; she was the Duse of provincial repertory.

Have I, in this piece, suggested that Lancashire, Manchester and the "North" of England are terms mutually inclusive and synonymous? But I don't forget Leeds, Bradford, Laisterdyke and kindred places; and I don't forget George Hirst, Wilfrid Rhodes, Herbert Sutcliffe and the *Yorkshire Post*—Yorkshire's main claims to equality with Lancashire as the Northern voice and symbol. Yorkshire allowed its native orchestra to perish. But the *Yorkshire Post* sturdily declines to go in for a national (and Southern) anonymity by calling itself *The Post*. "Would you like to live in Manchester today?" I was asked recently. "No," I was obliged honestly to admit, "but it's a good place to have come from!" "I wouldn't be seen dead in Manchester," persisted my friend. "And I wouldn't be seen born in London," resisted I. Where is London, anyway; is it in S.E.11, or N.W.8?

Next week :

AIDAN CRAWLEY replies for the South

Opening Hazards

By H. F. ELLIS

PRESIDENT Kennedy's back, strained while ceremonially planting a tree in Canada, and now the Bishop of Winchester's nose, which he had to "mop continually" after unveiling a statue at St. John's College, Oxford, have thrown an overdue searchlight on the risks attending initiatory ceremonies in general. "I would rather go through the Burma campaign all over again," a famous Brigadier told me, pointing to a bloodstained trowel over his mantelpiece, "than lay another brick at the request of the Rural District Council here."

More alarming in some ways than the danger to life and limb that threatens those—often the best and noblest in the land—who are called upon to perform these dedicatory tasks is what appears to be a conspiracy of silence aimed at concealing the extent of the holocaust. Lloyds hummed and hawed when I rang them up to ascertain the current

premium for cover against total disablement or loss of not more than one eye when laying foundation stones,* and at the London Clinic no information whatever could be given about the total number of casualties in this field over the past ten years. The Ministry of Works simply referred me to Health, who suggested (I think derisively) that the Lord Chancellor might be able to help. The Central Statistical Office was shut. Every attempt to extract up-to-date and reliable information, even on such non-controversial matters as ricked ankles at fêtes, was

*An obviously perilous occupation, in view of the weights involved. "We thought it best to leave him where he lay," the Managing Director of a great firm of contractors confessed to me, describing a recent mishap; "the flattened skeleton should be of interest to archaeologists one of these days." From his off-hand tone he might have been referring to the death of some Tom, Dick or Harry on the roads, not that of an OBE who once stood unsuccessfully for Cleethorpes (West).

met with blank stares or overt hostility. "Who chopped his big toe off with what when cutting which first sod where?" I asked the Lord Mayor of X—, hoping to shock him into some sort of admission, but he closed up like a well-trained clam. The truth is, I suppose, that if the full facts were known they'd never get anyone of importance to open anything.

The pity of it is that, with proper care and adequate briefing, there is no reason why the casualty rate should not drop to a point at which concealment would be no longer necessary. The case of the Bishop of Winchester's nose shows that. He was charged, it will be remembered, with the unveiling of two statues, and it was when tugging on the rope to undrape the first one that he had the misfortune to be struck by a wooden batten. "When he unveiled the second," runs the report which somehow seeped through to the public press, "Dr. Williams

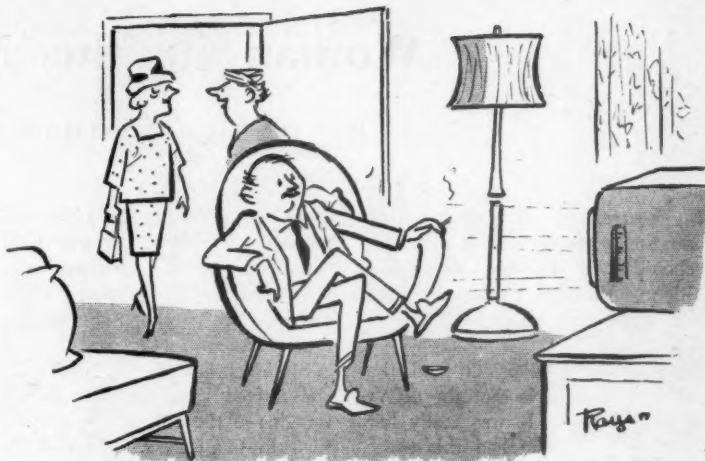


"Know what his last words were? 'Bang goes my no-claims bonus.'"

stood well clear." The italics are mine, but the implication is plain. The Bishop escaped further injury, having learned by experience to approach his duties with a due sense of the risks involved. My point is that opening ceremonies *can* be made safe for celebrities if only the bitter lessons learned by the fallen, the halt and the maimed are passed on in time to those others who, in their turn, so blithely grasp the rope, the spade or the silver trowel.

How many sprained wrists and wrenched thumbs could have been avoided had the victims been warned in advance never to try to look relaxed and debonair when opening a new public library! Gold keys, as any Town Clerk knows, almost always stick and must be turned with extreme caution; yet generation after generation of Dukes and Cabinet Ministers dash at the job, with more than half their attention on the press photographers, as though a quick twist would cause the great double doors to fly triumphantly open; and an instant later there they are, biting back their tears and hastily hiding away their bruised fingers in the folds of their gorgeous robes. Or take Marchionesses putting electric power stations into operation by throwing huge switches. Such a simple precaution as wearing rubber gloves instead of those useless white kid affairs might have saved dozens of them.

It may be argued that people prominent enough to be asked to open bazaars and plant rose trees ought to be able to look after themselves without advice or supervision, but this is to forget the psychological angle. Old hands, it is true, whose number of launchings, let us say, may be approaching Helen's record, do acquire a certain caution, a readiness at all times to duck or jump aside; the neophyte, for all his or her ranks and titles, is too excited by the occasion to evaluate risks. You have only to watch the way a young film star will snip the air with her scissors before opening her first by-pass, much as a barber does when warming up for a trim but without his control and *savoir faire*, to realize the need for some kind of timely word of warning. The thing can be discreetly done. A printed slip, perhaps giving the



"It's absurd the way he follows 'Coronation Street'—I honestly believe he thinks they are real people like the Dales!"

figures for woundings at similar functions over the past twelve months, would check the over-eager. An up-to-date snapshot of President Kennedy should put a stop to this iniquitous double-trenching by visiting archbishops. At launchings, where one may be sure that some sort of memo, giving the name of the ship and the wording of the traditional "all who sail in her" bit, is already handed to the distinguished christener, the addition of a simply-phrased NB in red, "Remember to let go of the bottle *before* it strikes the ship," could hardly be resented. A little more forethought, coupled with a much less obscurantist head-in-the-sand attitude to the dangers involved, will soon rid the nation's most auspicious occasions of the all-too-familiar clang of the ambulance bell.

Some accidents there will always be. Inaugurating and unveiling is not a trade for children or fainthearts. Nor is it easy to see how any form of warning can protect Ministers driving bulldozers and actresses kicking off at football matches from the perils inherent in these activities. But something can be done, by checking over-sweeping gestures at Vegetable Shows, by discouraging senselessly energetic spade-work, by insisting on the lethal nature of such implements as trowels and scissors in unaccustomed hands, and

in general by the adoption of a "pull gently and stand clear" approach to the business—we can go some way at least to ensure that the same openers, as with beer bottles, can be used over and over again. Will not the Bishop of Winchester follow up the useful lead he has already given by consenting to become the first President of a Society for the Prevention of Accidents at Inaugural Ceremonies?

BLACK MARK . . . No. 9

. . . for British Railways' script-writers who draft the apologies for late train-arrivals at London's main-line stations. Admittedly they have to draft a great number, with little time for revision, but there should be some editorial policy ensuring that the announcements don't heighten rather than relieve passengers' irritation. "We regret the lateness of your train due to the reaction of a mechanical failure in a previous service" is woolly and useless. If they can't explain to the lay mind what happened they shouldn't pretend to attempt it. "Something wrong with the train in front" would fall more easily on the ear, especially if it has come from the back of the train and heard "reaction of a mechanical failure" coming out of twenty separate speakers between its coach and the barrier.

Woman in the Moon

By DAPHNE BOUTWOOD

IF governments are thinking of sending women to the moon, I shouldn't if I were they. It's been done. About four thousand years ago to be inexact, which is a longish chalk.

She was called Heng O, and the stupid part about it is that she didn't mean to go at all. It was really her husband, Hou I, who had this space pill, or Pill of Immortality as it was called. He was an archer, with a small not a big A, a bow-and-arrow man, quite good in his way but not very security-minded, or Heng O would never have found the pill.

She thought it was a love potion and ate it without thinking, except possibly about love, and before she could say *if* she was half-way to the moon. No count-down, no capsule, no fuss.

About her actual journey the legend tells us nothing. There is no mention

of the world looking like a blue willow-patterned rice bowl, no arch feminine comments on the glorious state of weightlessness, no prepared statement on the view. Perhaps she was feeling space-sick.

She must have been. No sooner had she arrived than she brought up the remains of the pill, which immediately turned into a large white rabbit. Something to do with rapid lunar mutation no doubt, but it was annoying, as it ditched her chances of a return journey, unless she ate the rabbit, and that might not have worked. Also, it was a useful rabbit, as will be seen.

Heng O was not, alas, very forthcoming about the moon itself. Large, bare and cold, is how she put it. Hardy wrote much the same of Egdon Heath, but he span it out more. Hou I might have been equipped with some ready phrases about his overflowing

emotions, tears of patriotism, loyalty to ancestors, emperors etc., but then *he* would have been striding about the face of the moon in sterilized boots, taking measurements, sounding the crust, twiddling the knobs on his ancient Chinese Walkee Talkee set, planting dragon-embroidered flags all over the mountains and giving the craters impossible names such as Evening Thoughts of Three Amiable Old Men.

Heng O just sat and gloomed about the boring quantities of cinnamon trees which grew all over the place, and about the distressing sameness of the diet. The rabbit obligingly pounded up wild herbs for her in a mortar; this is why it was a useful rabbit.

However, love always finds a way, and Hou I was not a super-space-inventor for nothing. He may have lost the formula of the space pill (careless not to have reserve supplies) but, turning his attention to the bigger problem of the sun, he perfected a red cake (could this have been some kind of protective soap?) which gave him immunity to the sun's heat.

So it was from the sun, of which he speedily made himself king, that he visited his wife by lunar talisman (presumably a season ticket) on the fifteenth night of every moon. If this seems a long way round to do it, you must pause to reflect what fun it is to climb a mountain, when a convenient train will usually take you round it. What is more significant and a little sad is that Hou I never suggested taking Heng O back with him to the warmer and more congenial sun. A harsh penalty for going through a man's pockets, you may think, or perhaps he had no more red cake. Or—and this is the most likely reason—he had already established a number two wife in his new kingdom.

Heng O's only other human companion (assuming that her dose of immortality stretched as long) arrived some eighteen hundred years later. He was a banished woodcutter whose job



*"I can't understand all this fuss over the loss of a few secrets.
—Surely we must have plenty more."*



"I don't really mind him seeing this other woman—it's all this damn pretence that infuriates me."

it was to cut down the cinnamon trees. Possibly he had been exiled for political maladjustment, or it may have been for axeing his neighbours, but if anyone thought that cutting down cinnamon trees would sweat the poison out of his system it must have been a disappointment when the trees sprang up again as fast as he chopped them down. What some subtitles might call a frustrated feller.

The legend stops there. But if one woman in the moon is not enough I hope they will not send an officer of the women's services, nor yet a Miss Tractor 1971, but somebody more gifted with the power of descriptive narrative. Miss Anne Scott-James would do, or "Jennifer" or good Miss Blyton. I should so much like to know what happened to the rabbit.

Gesture

"HAVE you observed," said she, alert of eye,
 "How gesture not infrequently discloses
 The contents of the mind? When people lie,
 Even unconsciously, they rub their noses."

"When, on the other hand, they speak in doubt,
 Or are possessed by unacknowledged fears,
 Gesture again will let their secrets out,
 For in this case they scratch behind their ears."

"How true that is!" I said. "It only shows
 That nothing's hidden from the skilled in seeking."
 Even as I spoke, I rubbed my thoughtful nose.
 (I scratched behind my ear while she was speaking.)

— R. P. LISTER

Manual for Man-hunters

By LESLIE MARSH

NOTHING is more daunting to a responsible citizen's self-respect than the feeling that he is standing on the touchline, out of life's hurly-burly, not trying to solve the predicament. Last week's Wands-worth gaol-break was a testing time for civic consciousness. "THE PUBLIC CAN HELP" we were told, because several of the escapists had distinguishing features:

- (1) Five moles on right cheek
- (2) Four scars on forehead
- (3) "Mary John True Love" tattooed on left forearm
- (4) Little fingers deformed
- (5) Scar under left eye and right forearm tattooed "Connie True Love Tony and Joan"
- (6) Razor slash from right ear to chin and left forearm tattooed "India 1945."

I wonder how many happy-go-lucky playboys were content to let these desperadoes stalk the land simply for want of keeping an alert eye open? Easy enough, no doubt, to brush it all aside with a glib sneer about the inconvenience of counting moles and scars in crowded buses and tubes,

especially when the vehicle lurches in mid-count, and then to ask indignantly what the police were doing. What the police were doing, among other things, was awaiting your co-operation and not getting it. If you were honest with yourself you would have admitted that there are not all that many men with five moles on right cheek. An irregular quincunx might have needed a closer check than you could afford on a zebra crossing or in a busy hamburger bar, but the moment suspicion was aroused only the simplest variation on one of the oldest ploys in fiction was called for: "Excuse me, sir, but you bear a marked resemblance to my long-lost brother who had five moles on his right cheek. Only four? Sorry, I'm a fool at figures. Making a mountain out of a molehill, aren't I?"

Scars are, if anything, more obvious than moles, though a clever fugitive with four on his forehead can assume a perpetual corrugated frown that deceives the unobservant. For future reference a doubtful case can be put to the test by telling the pseudo-scowler a reliable radio comedian's funniest story; the sure-fire laugh will unwrinkle the brow and reveal the brand of Cain, if any. In the old days scarred and gashed runaways took refuge by fleeing the country and mingling freely with German student duellers at Heidelberg and elsewhere but this bolt-hole has now been stopped.

A man resourceful enough to have broken out of prison may well have adopted one of the several established techniques for keeping deformed little fingers out of sight—the Double Napoleon with both hands thrust under opposite sides of the jacket; the highly wrought nervous pose with tightly clenched fists; or the Stage Chinese with wrists folded across each other up wide sleeves, with mincing steps to match—but these masquerades can be pierced. Once you have detected signs of finicky over-concealment the counter-move is to play the part of a deaf mute and ask the time in mime, thus trapping the suspect into acting

five o'clock. Ten o'clock, of course would serve as well but split-second timing as used by experienced actors is essential in either case. One is likely to get from a miscreant at large a fairly churlish reaction to a civil invitation to play the quiet old game of Up Jenkins! or How Many Fingers Am I Holding Up? which has, like croquet and bezique, been losing ground recently.

Forearm tattoo marks pose a different problem involving what is usually referred to as the Sleeve Raising Factor. Time does not always permit jollying a man on the run into the nearest blood donor clinic where, under cover of pressure pump preparations, the romantic avowals can be read at leisure and carefully compared with the published lists. One old-fashioned tactic, exclaiming excitedly "Look out, there's a bee crawling up your elbow," has fallen into disrepute since a quick-witted getaway man retorted "That's where I want him, to cure my rheumatism." It is worth taking trouble to think out a new approach. "Reach for the sky—this is a stick-up" has been tried but found ineffective with men wearing the fashionable tight sleeves.

Whatever stratagem is used, the careless, over-enthusiastic amateur's worst hazard is hurried misreading of the tattooed legend. To go dragging an unashamedly faithful lover off to the police station on first sight of "True Love" without stopping to get to the end of message, which may well be Penelope or Miss Polythene Bags 1961, is not helping the police. A final warning. Tattooists do not scruple, with the aid of modern science, to erase fickle clients' troth-marks and substitute fresh fancies. Mary, John, Connie, Tony, Joan, and all that jazz may have been re-stencilled an hour or two ago, merely going to show that some philanderer, innocent in the eyes of the law, has found a new love and has never been nearer Wandsworth Prison than the Common, for sporting in the shade purposes. Love is not love which alters when it alteration finds is a dirty phrase in the tattooists' world.



HARGREAVES

Essence of Parliament

IN addition to those responsibilities of which he was aware Mr. Burge at Lord's had a grave responsibility of which he was probably unconscious. It was a great question whether he could carry Australia to victory in time for Mr. Gaitskell to get back to Westminster to hear Mr. Macleod's statement on Northern Rhodesia. Thanks to two fours off Statham's last over Mr. Burge just made it. Whether, had there been another maiden or two, the brother-in-law of Sir Hubert Ashton would have won the day over the Leader of the Opposition it would have been interesting to see. At Westminster Mr. Macleod sat in the middle with Mr. Macmillan propping him up on one side and Mr. Sandys on the other, waiting to see if Mr. Callaghan would send a fast one over the hump. Mr. Macmillan seemed to be marking Mr. Macleod's typescript in pencil. This was surely unnecessary. Whatever else may be said about him, Mr. Macleod can read. Notes were also passing between Mr. Turton and his Fourth Party on the fifth row back. It was indeed a very note-worthy occasion. For the Northern Rhodesian franchise is now so complicated that neither Algerian Conservatives nor friends of Africa were prepared at first hearing to commit themselves whether Mr. Macleod had made things better or worse. It was all "a dog's breakfast," said Mr. Callaghan—a phrase which the great authority of Lord Montgomery has defined as the exact opposite of "the cat's whiskers." Mr. Grimond got off the best crack when he twitted a Government, which had always rejected electoral reform in Britain as too complicated for the voter to understand, with imposing on the African one of which it would defy anyone but a senior wrangler to make head or tail.

The Lords trounced the Oxford plan for taking a road through Christ Church meadow and poor Sir William Armer who had backed it. He did not get a good word from any peer—and least of all from that vigorous young nonagenarian Lord Samuel, who trounced away as if he was not a day over seventy. Lord Longford gallantly led him back to his paddock when he was through. "Armer virumque cano," was the comment of a semi-classical noble Earl.

Tuesday's main excitement was about Angola. Mr. Macpherson, an under-secretary, had let slip early in question time a casual phrase about delivery of arms to Portugal being "in suspense." There is no question that, had they been a bit quicker on the uptake, Socialists, instead of contenting themselves with Ohs and Ahs and whistles, should have followed this up with immediate supplementaries, demanding an explanation. They let their chance slip and tried in vain to get an answer out of the Prime Minister or an adjournment at the end of questions. The Prime Minister sat there, saying nothing and, as Mr. Callaghan complained, "with a

cynical smile on his face." The phrase reads a bit like something out of a penny novelette but it was fairly true. There is no getting over it that Mr. Macmillan does like tricking people, that sometimes he only does it to annoy because he knows it teases, and that by and large Etonians are better at tricking than other people—certainly are better at it than Wykehamists.

Mr. Green of Preston has got a packet on his plate—Under-Secretary for Labour in the middle of a strike and with his boss piking off to Africa to seal the Common Market on the very afternoon of his appointment—and on top of that Charlie Hill called in to help him. If this is not three fates that are all of them worse than death it is hard to know what is. Mr. George Brown at any rate appeared to think so on Wednesday. He pretended not to be able to believe his ears when Mr. Butler made the announcement. "Chuck

**Dr. Hill and
Mr. Brown**

it Charlie" was, he asserted, what they called Dr. Hill down in Luton. Mr. Butler, for once swimming against the tide, made the not very felicitous comment that Dr. Hill's was the best appointment we could make. Mr. Green winked. Dr. Hill smiled. Mr. Butler was stern and serious as he usually is when other people are making the jokes. He pretended that Mr. Brown's joke was not going over very well. But, like puddings in the eating, the proof of a joke is in the laughing, and there was no getting over the fact that the House was laughing at Mr. Brown as it has not laughed at anyone on a Wednesday in June for many a long year.

Back-benchers often complain that they are not allowed enough free votes. On the Common Market both sets of whips were willing to leave them free as air to vote as they pleased and only devoutly hoped that they would not vote at all. Most of the backbenchers seemed inclined to emulate Lenin's friends by voting with their feet. They pushed off—or, more exactly, did not come at all. The reason for this was not merely that it was the hottest day of the year, on which Wimbledon was a great deal more attractive than Westminster. The situation itself was not yet clear enough for a prudent man to wish to commit himself. Yet it was clear enough for the sturdy imperialists of my country-right-or-wrong, Mr. Silverman on the one side and Lord Hinchinbrooke on the other. They wanted a vote to show up those who were false friends of the Empire. But the Speaker would not accept the closure

—a refusal which Lord Hinchinbrooke seemed to blame on the Government front bench. It all ended with a splendidly comic fracas. Lord Hinchinbrooke, white with aristocratic anger, shouted "Disgraceful!" and "Disgusting!" at the plebeian Government front bench, and Sir Peter Agnew, replied with "Get out, you disorderly rabble!" What fun! What fun and how much better than the House of Lords on birth control. This was not a very good debate, and mainly because Lord Brabazon who opened it completely muddled up two quite different questions. Was the growth of population, as the motion asserted, a menace to world peace and what methods of birth control were legitimate? What with Lord Brabazon's speech and Lady Summerskill flitting to and fro across the floor of the House delivering tracts rather like a Salvation Army Captain, everything was an utter dog's breakfast. It was saved by a splendid speech from Lord Hailsham, who argued that it was much less difficult to increase food supply than to limit population.

— PERCY SOMERSET



MR. DENNIS VOSPER



Our Man-Made Fibres

LET us search for the patches of blue between the dark and turbulent economic clouds. They are not easy to find in an increasingly overcast sky; sterling is in trouble; so is South Africa; "dear Emily," leading the Cricklewood wildcat strikers, has been holding the motorcar industry to ransom; Kassem and Kuwait can be added to the list of K's sending shivers down the markets' spines; War Loan has been plumbing new depths.

Where then do we look for relief? One industry from which the news is reasonably good and is likely to remain so, is that making man-made fibres.

This may in some ways appear surprising since the synthetic fibre was competing with the natural articles, cotton and wool, in which British industry had been the pioneers and had built up a massive stake. On second thoughts, however, the smoothness of the transition to synthetics is not so surprising. The skills evolved with the natural products could be adapted to the new industries. Moreover, the raw materials required for the natural fibres had to be imported. The synthetic base can in part at least be made at home.

The main reason for Britain's leadership in this industry has been its concentration in relatively few groups, large and powerful enough to devote to research and to capital investment the vast resources needed for these processes. For some time Courtaulds and Celanese dominated the scene. Now they are one. Courtaulds hold undisputed sway but happily show no signs of that softening of the commercial and moral fibre which sometimes follows quasi-monopoly.

The company's competence has been proved in foreign fields of battle and particularly in the United States. There they established the Viscose Corporation which, alas, was one of the direct British investments that had to be sold to American interests during the war. This sale was the final and supreme gesture of John Bull, exhibiting

the lining of his empty pockets to Uncle Sam, in order to prove his virtue and so qualify for the receipt of lend-lease which was at that moment about to flow. Courtaulds refused to take this as a defeat. After the war they went back to the United States with yet another subsidiary and they are now proceeding to take the synthetic pants off their former child.

More recently Courtaulds have broadened their US interests outside the field of rayon. At the cost of £1,500,000 they have acquired an interest in a leading chemical and plastics undertaking in that country by name of Koppers Company Inc.

When Soviet Russia or Poland decided to build factories for the manufacture of man-made fibres, they did not ask the Germans, Italians or Swiss to provide the equipment and the know-how. That responsibility has recently been entrusted to Courtaulds.



Antic Hay

CRIMPED hay is the latest thing. Between mowing and carrying, all sorts of machines may be used to encourage the drying of the crop: tedders, windrowers, scatterers, conditioners, rakes and swath turners. To this impressive array may now be added the crimper.

Since hand forks gave way to machines in the hayfield, the notion has grown of ever more violent treatment of the cut swath in order to dry it the quicker. The crimper, which is essentially a large mobile mangle, is the latest expression of this trend.

Rapid haymaking is not just another facet of the twentieth century speed cult. The feeding value of hay drops off alarmingly with every day's exposure to the sun, if any, and is even more adversely affected if rain occurs.

Scientists keep telling farmers they are too slow with their hay, and deplore the common practice of leaving flat-

All this is not to say that Courtaulds' profits are soaring. The latest report and accounts reflect last year's setback and particularly the effect of narrowing profit margins. The company's sales in the year to March 1961 totalled £172 million compared with £140 million but the trading profit fell from £18 million to £15 million. This year, however, the position should be improving somewhat. The sales of Courteille and Tricel are still booming and the Chairman should have interesting information to impart about the year's prospects at the meeting this month.

Courtauld's shares have come back with the rest of the market and are more than 10s. lower than the peak of 47s. 6d. reached earlier this year. At the present price they yield just over 5½ per cent which for a company of this size and quality seems an attractive figure.

— LOMBARD LANE

* * *

tened fields to bake dry on top before they are turned. On the more progressive farms they now churn the grass into a dishevelled mass as soon as it is mown.

The most nutritious part of any green crop is its leaves. But grass at the haying stage contains a high proportion of thick juicy stems, and this applies even more to clover and lucerne. It is thus a real problem to dry the stems down to a safe level without over-drying and wasting the more fragile but valuable leaves. This is where the crimper comes in; it crimps or kinks the stems so that some of their moisture is exuded and they dry out evenly along with the leaves.

As with most agricultural machines, the designs are multifarious. A crimper proper has at least one fluted or ribbed roller—some have two intermeshing—to make the kinks. This roller may run against another of more or less smooth contour, perhaps with a slotted or spirally grooved surface, sometimes of steel, sometimes of a rubbery composition. Models having two smooth rollers are not crimpers at all, but roller-crushers.

What is the future for crimpers? The pundits favour them, but few farmers have entertained the idea of using them yet. Presumably the cows will decide: if the top aristocrats of the herdbooks set the fashion in taste for crimped hay it is doubtful whether any conscientious dairy or beef man will be able to resist for long the pressure to crimp.

— S. CONAN GULMAR

*"Hello! The fools have appealed
against the light."*



"I think John Arlott's out."



ARMCHAIR CRICKET



"They're bringing out the drinks, Mabel."



*"Who's winning,
darling?"*

*"They're going to inspect the pitch
at 12 o'clock."*



the welf



"What did you say, love?"



AT THE PLAY

The Kitchen (ROYAL COURT)
You Prove It (ST. MARTIN'S)

THE KITCHEN is Arnold Wesker's first play, only now reaching the stage. It is a slice-of-life with a vengeance, demonstrating what one could well have believed, that life in the kitchen of a big cheap restaurant is free-for-all pandemonium. Beginning with the arrival of the staff in the morning, the first act warms up until, with the peak pressure of lunch, the sweating chefs and hard-pressed waitresses are all shouting at once in a welter of flying food. From this documentary—it cannot be called a play—dimly emerges a rift in the love affair between a temperamental German cook (turbot and plaice) and a married waitress.

In the second act we see the afternoon reactions of a small party of cooks to the lull after the storm. Here Mr. Wesker tries to arouse our interest with some very mild philosophising about international relations. The German goads his colleagues into revealing their private dreams; one admits his thoughts are on women, another on riches. When it comes to the turn of the German some inhibition freezes his verbosity, and he

dries. The action then speeds up again with the coming of evening, until once more at peak pressure the German, after further trouble with his girl, runs amok with a cleaver, smashes a lot of glass off-stage, and returns covered with blood, when the restaurant proprietor, who would have been wise to sack him much earlier, behaves like a Napoleon outraged. This ending is pure melodrama, for which we are unprepared, and seems without point except to prove that the German is nuts, which of course I had suspected all along.

There is not sufficient story to knit the characters dramatically, and a great deal of Mr. Wesker's dialogue is cancelled out by everyone speaking at once. All *The Kitchen* does is to prove that when we are trying to get our teeth into a burnt cutlet in such a restaurant we might spare a thought for the poor devils—and the lack of hygiene—on the other side of the swing doors. To my unrepentantly square mind this is not enough.

The casting of the polyglot staff is excellent, and John Dexter's orchestration of this madhouse documentary is very skilful. Robert Stephens gives a clever performance as the hysterical German, and it is easy to believe in

the others, the Irish, French, German and Maltese. Jocelyn Herbert has unfortunately arranged a cold buffet on either side of the stage, masking lines of sight that are anyway ropy at the Royal Court, so that I had to guess at much of the goings-on through a high pile of plates, and totally missed the collapse of a pregnant waitress which I gather was an important incident.

Police-stations are generally sure-fire on the stage, and municipal corruption is a new target for investigation, but *You Prove It* is a very thin little play that never raises sufficient steam to interest us. Colin Morris seems to have remained undecided whether he was writing a comedy or a piece of straight detection, and as a result the laughs come slowly and the excitement is very diluted. That adroit comedian Ronald Shiner is awkwardly placed as an incredible detective-sergeant who would have been out of the force long ago for his unscrupulous methods and his chronic insubordination. In doing his best to justify this unlikely character he robs the part of most of the humour it might have had. On the whole the acting is poor, but Thora Hird, as a termagant licensee steeped in guile, Jack Rodney as a hopeless old lag and Neil McCarthy and Mark Eden as two young shop-breakers do something to redeem it.

—ERIC KEOWN

AT THE PICTURES

Flame in the Streets
The Flute and the Arrow
Wild in the Country

ID like to approve of *Flame in the Streets* (Director: Roy Baker), but there are several unsatisfactory things about it. One is the basic pattern of the story, which is far too obviously a text-book case, carefully contrived to exemplify every kind of trouble that can arise from colour prejudice in what the synopsis calls "a harsh, working-class district of London." Another is a certain stiltedness and artificiality about the behaviour of some of the minor players, who are frankly not experienced enough to hold their own with people like John Mills, Sylvia Syms, Brenda de Banzie, Meredith Edwards. It is as if they felt themselves to be no more than symbols, type-representatives, and had decided to behave accordingly; the



Peter—ROBERT STEPHENS

[*The Kitchen*]

director has not been able to make them play in a relaxed, convincing fashion. And since much of the film's point depends on what may loosely be called recognition—these are supposed to be ordinary people, living lives that for a great part of the audience are everyday lives—this is a crippling weakness.

As a story whose action centres round a factory, and one man in the factory, it invites comparison with *The Angry Silence*—but not by any means to its advantage. Yet its essential theme is bigger and more important, and touches more lives, more emotions . . .

Emotion is the key word; for however it may be rationalized, colour prejudice is rooted in unreasoning emotion. Here we have a skilled craftsman (Mr. Mills) who is able to face, intellectually, the fact that a Negro colleague is the best man for promotion, and argues passionately against any colour bar until he has convinced a hostile union meeting; but when his daughter wants to marry a Negro his emotions take charge, against his will. He is shocked and upset, and his wife (Miss de Banzie) becomes hysterically abusive in her opposition. This is the central situation, and before it is worked out, not very conclusively, there is literally "flame in the streets," for the time is around November 5, and a huge local bonfire illuminates a race riot.

It's a worthy and conscientious film, and tries to be fair to all sides, but as a whole it is uninspiring. The principals are all right; but the most memorable performance comes from Ann Lynn, in the small part of a white girl who though happily married to a Negro, and happily pregnant, says seriously to the daughter "You know what you're doin'?"—and tells her.

I first saw *The Flute and the Arrow* (Director: Arne Sucksdorff) two years ago, when the commentary was in Swedish and there were no titles to translate it. There is now a commentary written by William Sansom, and I suppose he does as well as anyone could; but the fact is that no commentary is needed, certainly not one that has been worked over in an attempt to make it worth listening to in itself. Mr. Sansom's words, whether literary-rhetorical ("—and the white teeth of the children smile") or plain descriptive ("slowly, quietly, step by step") are not only unnecessary but often actively distracting. The wonderful colour photographs tell the story well enough: a documentary, with a thread of fiction, about the Muria, the people still living as they have lived for thousands of years in the Indian jungle.

What gives the film its grip and fascination is the perpetual beauty and interest of the detail, and the miraculous shots that bring us within a yard or two of the wildest and shyest animals—the lioness, the tiger, the leopard. It offers



Jacko Palmer—JOHN MILLS

Peter Lincoln—JOHNNY SEKKA

Kathie Palmer—SYLVIA SYMS

(Flame in the Streets)

beautiful pictures on every scale, from the folded leaf pouring palm wine, or the rain on a flower, to the long shot from above of a curving line of hunters picking their way across the bed of a stream. As I say, I've seen it twice, and I could see it again with fresh pleasure now.

I don't pretend that *Wild in the Country* (Director: Philip Dunne) is much more than sensational highly-coloured melodrama of the same kind as *Peyton Place*, but I do suggest that if the central character had been played by someone with a more serious reputation than Elvis Presley—and played even only half as well as Mr. Presley plays him here—there would have been hardly a hint of the disrespect it has aroused in some quarters. Mr. Presley appears as a sullen country boy unjustly accused of attempted murder and on parole, under treatment by a woman psychiatrist (Hope Lange), who detects in him the capacity to benefit from a college education; and the end, after a good deal of trouble including a violent death, lies at the inquest and an attempted suicide, shows him going off to get one. You may not want this kind of stuff, I don't myself, but thousands of people do, and of its kind it's well done. Mr. Presley seems to me to be perfectly satisfactory in his part, a sort of poor man's Jude the Obscure. What irritates me is the widespread assumption that because he's known as a pop singer he can't ever be taken seriously. Frank

Sinatra made it, after all . . . though he, to be sure, was thinner.

—RICHARD MALLETT

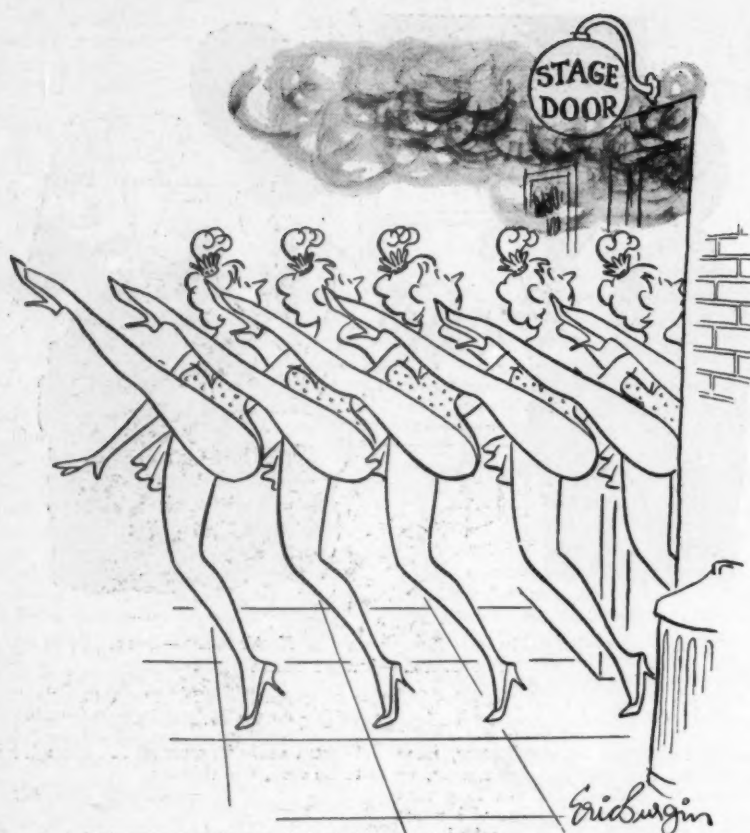
AT THE GALLERY

Kuniyoshi (VICTORIA AND ALBERT)

FOR those who are being delighted by the Daumiers at the Tate the

Kuniyoshi Exhibition offers a wonderful chance for comparison and further enjoyment. Some people have been inclined to relegate Japanese art as being rather precious and now out of date but influencing once in composition a few late 19th-century artists such as Lautrec, Whistler or Van Gogh.

This is an over-statement and completely inaccurate with regard to Kuniyoshi. He, in fact, has nothing remote or precious about him. He was, compared to earlier Japanese artists, emancipated in subject matter and technique by contact with European art, and thus he was able to allow himself full scope for his qualities of humour, drama and fantasy. As an oriental, however, he still inclined to the shadowless silhouette rather than the massive, lighted roundness of Daumier. If a degree less profoundly human than the French master he can still, like him, produce those odd mixtures of feelings which hover between laughter and tears, or laughter and fear. For the latter effect by Kuniyoshi: we see some groups of sightseers in boats, tiny in comparison with the whale that they are examining with a variety of feelings



(marvellously conveyed) including that of amused condescension at a helpless brute. But we, seeing the sly malevolence in the eye of the monster, realize how close they may be to tragedy. One flip of the tail and—!

Cats to which Kuniyoshi was devoted are treated sometimes with affectionate amusement but at others are inflated to many times life size with sinister results. His powers of draughtsmanship and design are high and his invention is endless.

Concurrently with the exhibition (which closes on July 31) the Victoria and Albert has produced a book on the artist by B. W. Robinson* which supplies much useful information on Kuniyoshi and his place in Japanese art, besides much of interest to the student of Japanese prints generally. The book contains 100 reproductions, but it is not faulting them to say that it is most necessary, in addition, to see the works themselves in their original colour and size. Like the splendid Tiepolo exhibition also at the V & A last year the Kuniyoshi exhibition is inexplicably empty of the public.

— ADRIAN DAINTRY

*Kuniyoshi by B. A. Robinson (HMSO 27/6).

ON THE AIR

The Middle Depths

FOR years I have indulged in sybaritical, self-indulgent, turn-it-off-if-you-don't-like-it viewing; but for the past month I have been on the hard stuff, leave-it-on-if-you-can-bear-it, and my faith in the medium has faltered. It is not the newly discovered depths that have shaken me—things like *The Ken Dodd Show*, whose real tragedy is that a team of men should have worked hard to produce anything quite so bad; there is not much like that. Worse is the steady ordinarieness of practically everything on the air—the programmes that are perfectly all right in their way, except that almost anything else would have done just as well. And at the moment all over the air the lights are going out. *To-night* has closed; *Landscape into Art* is over; so is *Picture Parade*. The disappearance of *The Perry Como Show* is small compensation.

With them goes an extraordinary amount of professional "charm." I do not mean by the inverted commas that the performers in question lapse into a normal uncharm the moment they are off the air, only that what comes over

is a quite artificial product, depending on the circumstances of television. For on all channels there is an Authority—the "They" of "They won't allow anything like that." The viewer is, naturally anti-They; and this sort of charm depends on the performer appearing to share that view of the Authority. With Robert Robinson the inverted commas are hardly fair; he just seemed so intent on giving a sane view of the state of the film world that he had no time for the Theys of either television or cinema. Cliff Michelmore's gift, most obvious in his little I-didn't-like-it-either grimace at the end of some unsatisfactory section of the programme, is attractive in small quantities. Perry Como's, rehearsed to the last fluffed cue, less so. Sir Kenneth Clark adorned his marvellous series with a quite different sort of charm, probably quite unconscious but clearly suggesting "I, and what I am saying, am far, far beyond Them."

(Sir Kenneth, by the way, has the most elaborate line of Establishment gestures that I have ever seen. The essential thing about them is that they have little to do with, or are ill-suited to, what the speaker is saying. I have seen Sir Mortimer Wheeler emphasize the extent of the Roman Empire, which stretched, he pointed out, from Lisbon to the Persian Gulf, with a gesture that would have suited a moderate sized fish.)

What is there to take the place of all these lost, or lapsed, delights? The most enduring-looking substitute seems to me *Harpers West One*, which does for the big London emporium what *Emergency Ward 10* does for hospitals. I cannot believe that a sales-machine will have the same compellingness as an organization connected with life, death and hypochondria; nor do I think they will keep our sympathy if they persist in their apparent belief that the customer is always wrong; but the series is a good showcase for the marvellous selection of bit-part actors nowadays available to TV.

Finally, the panes of *Panorama*, that window on the world, seem to be getting rather small and full of stained glass. Last week they did a bit about the new Archbishop of Canterbury, which, because there was Cuba, Angola, Kuwait etc. still to come, could take only a bit over ten minutes. But they spent half their time looking at towers, thrones, aisles and so on. Dr. Ramsey has a strong, subtle intelligence; he cannot answer the awkward questions a Primate must as if they were quickies. *Panorama* is trying to pack too much in, and whenever it gets where it is taking us spends too much time looking at buildings (though the Cathedral was a change from the New Palace of Sport built by the Revolutionary Government) and affluent cars in wide new streets.

— PETER DICKINSON

BOOKING OFFICE

THE OUTSIDE LOOKING IN

By PETER DICKINSON

A Book of Science Verse. Selected by W. Eastwood. Macmillan, 21/-

POETS have always believed that science ought to be one of their provinces. There lie these delectable pastures, inhabited only by tribes of uncultured scientists, ripe for the civilizing rule of the Muse. Wordsworth, for instance, was convinced that in a few years poets, using the new Wordsworth-Coleridge poem-refining technique, would bring the whole realm of geology under their sway, but apart from a few bits about fossils it has not worked out that way. Even Auden (who in his youth was so keen on geology that he experienced a sense of blasphemy on hearing an aunt mispronounce "schist") has not brought it off, though his knowledge may enhance a poem on, say, human responsibilities by letting us know the nature of the hills in the background.

The serious poems in Mr. Eastwood's book show how few successful inroads the poets have made on the promised land. There have been some apparent advances, when time has made a subject old and beautiful enough for it to be about to be absorbed by the next advance of progress; this accounts for some good poems about steam engines. But no true colonist waits to be asked in like that; he strides up the strange-shelled beaches and plants his flag before the astonished natives. Most poets have attempted to do this by describing scientific phenomena in images already acceptable to poetry, as Cowley did with his splendidly absurd account of Harvey pursuing the nymph Nature "through all the moving wood of lives" until she took refuge in the apparent sanctuary of the human heart "... but e'er she was aware Harvey was with her there."

The method is still popular; a pleasant short poem by Stephen Spender on the landscape near an aerodrome likens the local phenomena to a moth; lank black fingers or figures frightening and mad; women's faces shattered by grief; a dog shut out; wild birds. And almost the last poem in the book contains Robert Conquest's effective comparison of guided missiles to the Eumenides. This is a perfectly valid

approach, but when one finds it repeated as often as here one is reminded that colonists under outlandish suns tend to use local materials to build houses as like as possible to those at Budleigh Salterton.

The opposite, and I would have thought more fruitful, approach of using scientific images to describe natural or emotional phenomena is much more rare, and is hardly represented in Mr. Eastwood's book at all. There cannot be many poems which, like Marvell's *Definition of Love*, keep it up the whole way through, but often a single technical image will lift a poem amazingly. The reader may not like it, of course; Johnson objected to Dryden's magnificent use of "diapason" at the end of his second *St. Cecilia* ode. But the poets keep on trying.

I take the heretical view that their lack of large successes is inevitable; much of science and technology is not a fit subject for poetry. *M'Andrew's Hymn* is marvellously effective because the ship's engines illuminate the engineer. Take him out, and think of the thing as a piece of "machine-poetry" (on the lines of "nature-poetry") and it would be nothing. Even poems that do not apparently contain people are effective only in so far as they relate to the reader's

experience or stretch his mind. And most readers' experience of science is small; we are all on the outside peering in. We tend, therefore, to react to images that mean something to us, even if we are wrong about them. It is difficult for a layman not to find Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle, which seems to have nicked a tiny loophole in the ever-narrowing prison of predestination, a more fertile field on which to sow his emotions than, say, the Clausius-Mossotti Law.

Finally, of course, the business of "The Wonderful" cannot be escaped. Donne's geographical explorations of his mistress and his soul have their power because geography was then passing strange, in the way the behaviour of atomic particles and receding nebulae is to us nowadays. But to call one's girl one's Newfoundland is not the compliment it was. Many of the funny poems in Mr. Eastwood's book get their effect from endowing things that are all too plain in the light of scientific knowledge with the attributes of the wonderful. Belloc dresses up electricity, that elegant drudge, in a queen's robes to produce his superb *Newdigate Poem*. One cannot help laughing, but it is a blow on the wrong side, an attempt to keep the poets out of their inheritance. Perhaps it does not matter. I don't, as I say, believe they will ever come into it.

NEW NOVELS

The Winter of Our Discontent. John Steinbeck. Heinemann, 18/-

Jason. Henry Treece. Bodley Head, 18/-

Condell. James Turner. Cassell, 13/6

The Africans. Robert Lait. Gibbs and Phillips, 15/-

A MAN from the moon trying to learn about America from its current fiction would easily get the impression that all its thinking is done in small, cheerfully backward coastal communities, as untouched by progress as, say, East Anglia in 1914.

This significant retreat from the mainstream of American life is part of the new respect for the social courage of the beachcomber and the bum, and I dare say is healthy escapism. Such a forgotten port, left behind in the march of the big machines, is the scene of John Steinbeck's *The Winter of Our Discontent*. This is a study of an innocent whose character is corrupted by the discovery that graft is easy. The descendant of prosperous shipowners who have frittered their money away, he has been to Harvard and is now a grocery-clerk, happily married with two ruthless children. He has odd habits. He makes speeches to his bottles of tomato sauce and pickles, and calls his long-suffering wife by a fresh pet-name every time he addresses her. This is

CRITIC'S PHRASEBOOK



Deeply committed

Steinbeck in holiday mood. One gets to know everyone in the town, even the dogs, and all their secret springs; the children come to life with alarming reality, and much of it is entertaining, but the odour of whimsy is strong, and one senses that only a part of Steinbeck's feeling was engaged. I was unprepared for the melodrama of the ending.

Henry Treece's *Jason* moves fast, with the excitement of a well-made thriller, which indeed it is. Wine, women, treachery and violence, all the elements are there; and Jason, his beard "frothed with battle-spittle," is a pretty unpleasant customer, a soldier of fortune with a taste in queens who was driven round the Greek world by crude ambition. Mr. Treece handles this story of blood and lust so discreetly that he almost disguises its ugliness; his descriptions of places and people are fine, and he has the admirable trick of simplification, that makes us share the day-to-day adventures of the Argonauts. This book has everything needed for a rousing film, with the mumbo-jumbo of the Gods to give it mystery. Even if you feel, as I do, that the Greek heroes were bores, its momentum will carry you along.

Condell is an imaginative fantasy about a journalist shanghaied on a forgotten Pacific island run by a decadent white tyrant, where the natives have been awaiting his arrival as a god. Slowly, as his memory of his past life in Paris and New York comes back, he discovers he is descended from part-owners of the island. He becomes involved with the two daughters of the tyrant, is caught in a mesh of ancient intrigues, and after a gruelling escape

over the mountains ends as a human sacrifice to the god of the Peacock. James Turner makes the mesh more mystifying and engulfing with well-timed doses of sadism and the supernatural. He writes well, and this is rather a disturbing short novel, that drives on relentlessly, with no comic relief whatever.

Robert Lait's first novel, *The Africans*, is brief and set in a British territory in Africa which is about to get its freedom. His portraits of the British are along lines that have become almost a cliché—the pompous Governor, the ambitious Surveyor-General and his silly, gin-soaked wife, the official in charge of taxes, dreaming of a pension and anxious lest anything shall go wrong on his last lap; much more interesting are his Africans, lured from their villages by the security of Government jobs and frightened and bewildered by city life. Mr. Lait persuades us that he knows them and understands them, and his trial of one of them for embezzlement is a small triumph of tragic-comedy.

—ERIC KEOWN

"WHERE THE WORLD THREW ME"

An Only Child. Frank O'Connor. *Macmillan*, 21/-

To have been a mother's boy when the mother was Minnie O'Donovan must have been a princely condition, and Frank O'Connor writes always with a splendid, and touching, awareness of this fact. The innocence, gaiety, and undimmed fineness of this woman, who married Michael O'Donovan, drunken bandsman and astute military pensioner, and who humbly thought of herself as having been rescued by this alliance from "the gutter where the world threw me," are described by her son in a series of delicately touched-in scenes and situations. The neighbours too, in that pre-1914 Cork slum, get their share of loving attention.

Painfully, leading the double life of the deprived, imaginative child, the author grows up. He is influenced by Daniel Corkery, writer and revolutionary, fights amateurishly in the rebel army beside Erskine Childers, and finds his university in a political prison in County Meath. Here he breaks off. But he remembers old, unhappy, far-off things too entrancingly to be allowed to stop here. This Wilhelm Meister from Blarney Street must be persuaded to go on. The *Lehrjahre* leave one asking for more.

—DAVID WILLIAMS

UNDIPLOMATIC EPISODE

The Dilessi Murders. Romilly Jenkins. *Longmans*, 21/-

In 1870 a party of aristocratic Englishmen were captured by brigands on the road between Marathon and Athens. The Greek Government, helpless to put down brigandage, shuffled out of accepting responsibility. Gladstone, in reaction against Palmerston's gunboat

diplomacy, urged and argued but did not intervene, partly, perhaps, because of Russia's claim to be the Protector of the Greek Government. While negotiations dragged on, complicated by internal Greek politics, the captives lived rough, were dragged along mountain tracks at the double and eaten by vermin. When a military attack was made on the brigands, the captives were murdered.

Professor Jenkins has skilfully interwoven the threads, most of them tragic but some farcical, although he is obviously more interested in the symbiosis of brigandage and representative government than in the wider diplomatic aspects of the case. The emergence of Greek Anglophobia half a century after Byron's death, despite half a century of constant Philhellenism, suggests that one of the chief gifts an old state could have given a new one was unapologetic but fair criticism.

—R. G. G. PRICE

THE NEWSPAPER WORLD

The British Press: A Critical Survey.

H. A. Taylor. *Arthur Barker*, 21/-

Mr. Taylor crams 160 pages with a good deal of apparently factual information. His book examines the structure of the newspaper industry, its claim to provide a public service, and the pressures brought to bear on it.

Most journalists on popular newspapers are self-righteous rather than cynical. Mr. Taylor, despite his intelligence and air of reason, is starry-eyed. His argument seems to be: the Freedom of the Press is essential in a democratic country; the fact that the majority of our newspapers and periodicals grossly distort news and values, and often interfere with individuals' liberty, does not mean that limitations ought to be imposed on their freedom.

Unless he debases freedom, it is useless for Mr. Taylor to argue that the public is only getting what it deserves. Despite his criticisms of the Press Council, he still believes that all Press reform should be carried out by proprietors, which is probably why he has refrained from discussing the ambience of individual newspapers, and never gives names on the rare occasions when he refers to transgressions.

—KENNETH MARTIN

NOT A MAN DISMAYED

Charge To Glory. James Lunt. *Heinemann*, 21/-

Colonel Lunt's book is composed of a series of essays on cavalry engagements of which Marengo is perhaps the best known. The opening chapter describes the charge led by Arthur Sandeman at Toungoo against the Japanese in March 1942, presumably the last charge that will ever be made by British Cavalry. Colonel Lunt then gives samples of cavalry actions in the hundred and forty years following Marengo. The Peninsular War is represented by Garcia



"Sorry to keep you. I was on the phone."

Hernandez, fought by the Dragoons of the King's German Legion, who even when they were incorporated into the Prussian Army still carried this engagement on their battle honours. The author goes on to describe Aliwal (Sikh War), Brandy Station (American Civil War), Mars-la-Tour (Franco-Prussian War), Little Big Horn (Custer's Last Stand), and so comes to Beersheba (Palestine 1917) and Moreuil Wood (France 1918), when horses had already lost the battle against machines. The last engagement, Fondouk (N. Africa 1943), is an account of a mechanized action fought by the 17th/21st Lancers, whose gallantry supports the author's contention that the cavalry spirit can live as well in a tank as on a saddle. Unlike many recent military historians Colonel Lunt is gentle towards Army commanders past and present, indeed he treats them better than they are in the habit of treating each other.

— VIOLET POWELL

A PERSIAN IN AMERICA

Something Human. Mohamed Mehdevi. Bodley Head, 12/-

Mr. Mehdevi is a Persian educated in Vienna who at the age of twenty gained a scholarship to an American university in Florida. The first part of this book is a vivid and intelligent account of his life on the campus. He quickly penetrated the belt of indiscriminating kindness which is every man's first encounter with the American way of life, only to find himself repelled by the absence of curiosity and criterion, the pressure towards conformity, the beatification of salesmanship and the confusion of sexual mores. Upon graduation he ran out of money and drifted across the country from odd job to odd job. His experiences were disagreeable. An egotist with more antipathies than sympathies, his itch for telling the truth came into inevitable conflict with the ubiquitous longing to be loved and he was asked, if he did not like America, "Why the hell didn't he quit it" for his own country. He is a candid writer and the explanation of his quandary is a sad one—"because the whole world wants to live like you . . . there is an American hidden in all of them that is coming to the fore."

— WILLIAM HUGHES

AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES

The Story of the French Foreign Legion. Edgar O'Ballance. Faber and Faber, 30/-

Major O'Ballance has written a good, solid, down-to-earth history of that most romanticized of military formations, the French Foreign Legion. This famous corps is the sole surviving descendant of the mercenary armies of the middle-ages; it was first christened the *Légion Etrangère* by the revolutionary government in 1792, and in earlier times the mercenaries were mostly Scots. The book is intended mainly, as the author admits, for the student of military history, but the



"May I borrow a cup of money?"

ordinary reader will find much in it to entertain him; Major O'Ballance rather carefully plays down the glamour, and his account of the Legion is a good corrective to Ouida and P. C. Wren; yet the tradition of loyalty, bravery and toughness is a fact, and emerges clearly from these pages.

It should perhaps be added, however, for the benefit of masochists, black sheep and young men crossed in love, that the Legion's welfare services have been brought up to date; the pay, moreover, is good, and the food excellent. There is no flogging, nor—contrary to popular belief—was this form of punishment ever practised in the Legion.

— JOCELYN BROOKE

CREDIT BALANCE

Trip in a Balloon. Albert Lamorisse. Allen and Unwin, 12/6. Though it lacks the magical simplicity and appeal of *The Red Balloon* (it's more of a travelogue and contains "funny" grown-ups) this installment of young Pascal's adventures with balloons contains almost as many brilliant and enchanting photographs. The children on whom it was tested noticed no defects.

Golf Is My Game. Bobby Jones. Chatto and Windus, 25/-. The maestro of golf has split his book into three sections—Improving Your Golf is good, sound, easy-to-follow suggestions to help all golfers enjoy their game more; Competitions is entertaining; And After contains some reflections and appraisals well worth reading. Altogether excellent material.

Men in Uniform. M. R. D. Foot. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 21/-. A useful handbook investigating the capacity of modern industrial societies to raise adequate defence forces, with tables illustrating the solutions found by the principal nations of the world.

Venice. Drawings by Fritz Busse. Macdonald, 35/-. Forty drawings of Venice, including twenty in colour. The accompanying text by A. Hyatt Major of the Metropolitan Museum of Art is "popular" in style but unexceptionable; the captions are awful. However, the drawings are marvellous, and the coloured ones excellently reproduced by six-colour photolithography.

Paris, City of Enchantment. Ernest Raymond. Netnes, 25/-. There is no end to books about Paris, and why should there be? This one, garnished with plentiful photographs and black-and-white drawings, will worthily add to the collector's collection or serve to present the most easily lovable of cities to the newcomer.

SOS. The Story of the Life-boat Service. Cyril Jolly. Cassell, 12/6. An inspiring and often exciting account of the Royal Naval Life-boat Institution from its origins in 1823 to the present day.

My Dog Durbar. Geoffrey Brooke. Allen Figgis, 8/6. General Brooke's biography of his black Labrador will appeal to everyone who likes good dog-stories. Profits to the Old War Horse Memorial, Cairo.



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BLOCK LETTERS, PLEASE



FOR WOMEN

The Reality Kitchen

JOE and I had had a dream kitchen ever since we married, and we did so long for the "real" kind! We decided on a "do it yourself" conversion, as cheap and simple as possible.

At first my heart sank when I thought of dismantling all that built-in stuff. The expense of replastering the walls and hanging pegboard over the worst bits! The fuss of finding a little old varnished oak cupboard, just wrong for holding baking-tins, that six coats of

white paint wouldn't stay on! I was despondent—until Joe pointed out that it was no good being stupidly ambitious. Very few of our friends went that far with their “real” kitchens. “I’ve been looking round,” he added, “and I reckon you can laugh off an eye-level oven if your sink’s OK.”

Joe was right. A few minutes of hacksawing and ripping out, enough to get the pipes showing under the sink and a gap to its left where the stacking-up

The Sower, not the Seed

THEY beckon and grin with the promise of wealth

And beauties and blisses galore,
Shouting their message with shimmering stealth
From the front of the hardware store.

A blood-red hoe like a dragonet's toe,
A rake with its mammoth denture,
Trowels that glitter and dibbers that glow,
Agog for the great adventure.

Bottles of root-fodder all aglint,
Sinister sachets for weeds,
Lollipop lure in the toothsome tint
On every packet of seeds!

Heavens, what fun if my fingers were green;
But maybe one day the penny'll
Drop so that I can distinguish between
An annual and a perennial.

— PAMELA SINCLAIR

board (and of course the cactus shelves below) had been, and the whole kitchen was alive, warm, *human*!

Joe explained this. "When a sink with no stacking-up board has a gap next to it the exact size of a stacking-up board, then you know that someone's going to throw a stacking-up board across that gap when somebody's got a minute. That's what I call being real."

While I painted the pipes yellow (not having the patience, alas, to paint them white and let them go yellow from the heat) Joe trimmed back the working surface over the Stowmaster mixer-storage unit beyond the gap. Every gap he eventually cut as he worked his way round the room he trimmed the raw edges similarly—smooth but not quite at right angles to the wall. Thus the final effect was that the bits of equipment left that were not ordinary things like a fridge or a cooker looked quite thrillingly as if we'd bought them off the back page of the *TV Times* and put them together at home.

"I just didn't know you were so clever, darling," I confessed, watching him replaster the wall with a garden trowel, to get those little ridges. Full of confidence we tackled the floor-covering problem.

Here, though, we couldn't agree. The gaps had uncovered a lot of bare board that I was all for painting thickly in not quite the same shade of tangerine as our Vinyl flooring, whereas Joe was keen to have the Vinyl up and lay the whole room ourselves with the bargain lino tiles he said he'd seen in the Marstons's kitchen. Surely we too could get a black and white check wrong in the middle rows? But I had the feeling that, being novices, we'd only get it right. So in the end we tried the paint and Joe is sold on it now. The thing is to put a wastepaper basket full of folded-up old newspapers down on it when it's nearly dry.

The other things we placed in the gaps were a dog-bowl, an empty jar of cider, and the pile of saucepans released from the discarded saucepan-storage-unit. We were very successful too with the saucepan-lids—Joe ran a shelf along at just the height which enables me by standing on one toe to hook a finger under a likely rim and bring down the wrong one. This has given me nearly as much pleasure as the little oak cupboard (yes, I did get one) and the

News from Home

kitchen table (another ten bob but worth it) which has a drawer so big that you have to prop it up on one knee while you search in the back for the basting spoon that has worked there from the front. (This drawer is our new toy, we keep everything in it just for the sheer fun of having to look for things!)

Over the vegetable rack we argued again—Joe saying that our circular plastic Vedgemaster would, like our old Treadmaster polythene bin, look perfectly all right under the sink; while I insisted that if one thing made a kitchen real it was a rectangular metal shelved rack with the corners curling and blobs of ceiling paint down one side. Joe gave in when I discovered an old-fashioned friend willing to swop—and now he's found the fascination of reading newspaper-lined shelves upside down and so we're both happy. We painted it cyclamen, by the way, to show up the potato earth and clash with the inside of the fridge.

As for the rest of the colour scheme, our walls are white and so will the pegboard be when we've got some more emulsion paint. Our curtains are the same old scarlet with bamboo shoots but by taking a few drawing-pins out of the pelmet piece we've got them looking just wonderfully temporary. The cactuses fit in surprisingly well on the window-sill, where they look as if we're trying to grow them—and we've got a roller towel, a shopping-bag, a peg-bag and two aprons on one door, and a hook on the other waiting for the grocer's next calendar. When the strawberry season comes we'll get a tin-handled chip basket to put under the cooker with the silver-cleaning stuff in—but there, as Joe says, when a kitchen becomes a hobby it's never quite finished!

Anyway we've proved that for a few pounds and with a little effort anybody can have a "real" kitchen like ours. Why don't you try?

— ANGELA MILNE



... And All Things Nice

"Richard Strauss in retrospect is seen as a composer who, more than any other, explored female psychology. To do it he invented an idiom, compounded of succulent harmony, of chromaticism and diatonicism juxtaposed, of polychrome orchestration and of no moderation."—*The Times*

WHY doesn't the nurse move out of the doorway? I want to see him come in. He looks peaky, poor dear. What lovely flowers, but why doesn't he hand them to her stems first? He's lost half a dozen blooms on her bust. Where can he have found that collar? It's lovely to kiss him again but where can he have eaten all that onion? I'm sure I never left anything with onion in for him.

He might have told me how I looked before passing over this wedge of post. Bills. Man coming to inspect boiler on behalf of insurance company. Party I shan't get to.

He's been getting on fine without me, has he? Why does he say it again? I'm suspicious. Am I meant to guess that he too has been through hell? I know he usually dries but he has seen me washing up enough times; of course there may have been nothing on the packet saying "Use this for forks. Use this for glasses. Use this for plates," but still, to leave the sink for that old *Home Encyclopaedia*! Very entertaining hour he must have had. Looked up "Saucepans" and found it was all about silver sand. Looked up "Grease" and found it was all about its virtues: don't throw it away, it can be used in the garden. Switched to *Everyman Encyclopaedia* and entry under "Grease" said nothing but "See Horse (Diseases)." Why all this research? Oh, I see, he

wanted me to come home to find everything clean and sparkling.

What should I like for breakfast the day after they let me out? He would like to get ahead, would he? Well, I don't know exactly when I'll be home. Can I think of anything for him to eat to-night? Knows I have planned it all very cleverly and he ought to be eating out and having something solid but somehow does not feel like it. He remembers I have told him how to scramble eggs, but cannot remember how.

Quite by the way, what is the best thing to do if things under the grill catch fire? Just making conversation, apparently. Is it better to clean up each time something boils over or wait and have a good scrub? Isn't there something called spirits of lemon that just eats the dirt off glasses and plates and things? If milk seems a bit off, is it best to throw it down the sink or keep it on the off-chance it will turn into cream cheese?

There's the bell. Oh, why must all this absorb our few, fleeting minutes? Now he's found an envelope covered with queries. Why, why can't I just relax and get well? Why must you be so very much you just when I want to use all my strength to get through this and back to you? Oh, well, thank God you are, darling.

— GRACE CATHCART



"I'd like to stop off at the newsagent and cancel my copies of 'Bachelor Girl', 'Bride' and 'Glamour' and order 'Wife' 'Home' and 'Mothercraft'."

Toby Competitions

No. 173—X Marks My Bedroom

OTHERWISE reliable citizens are apt to exaggerate the idyllic perfection of their holidays. Write a holiday postcard giving a *truthful* impression of the weather, food, accommodation, surroundings, amenities, etc., in 100 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, July 12.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 173, *Punch*, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Report on Competition No. 170 (These You Have Loved)

Competitors were asked to assume that radio has always been with us and to provide an extract from a commentary on a pre-1922 scene. Sir Francis Drake was by far the most popular choice and 1066 provided good material.

The winner, who could hardly have dealt with an earlier event, was:

D. H. TORNEY,
67 COLLINGWOOD HOUSE
DOLPHIN SQUARE
LONDON
SW1

... It's a beautiful day, really beautiful. The Garden's an absolute riot of colour. And here, at last, I think ... yes, here comes Eve. She's wearing a quite fantastic sun-tan. I wish you could see it. Adam's holding her hand and she's dragging him playfully towards an apple-tree. Really, these two are delightful to watch ... Oh-oh, there seems to be an argument ... No, it's just another piece of innocent fun. She's persuading him to eat an apple which he's pretending not to want ... Well, how extraordinary—the sky's suddenly darkened! Looks as if a storm's brewing ...

Following are the runners-up:

And once again the seagull walks slowly across the green. At this critical juncture, with everything depending on the final game, Sir Francis takes—hello! something's happening over there! Everybody's turning to the sea and pointing. Here comes a messenger on a foam-flecked horse and—good grief! he's ridden straight across the green! It's a good thing he can't see the faces of the older members. Sir Francis is standing quite calmly, weighing his wood in his hand. We can't make out the conversation from up here, so over to you Jack Pillow at the rinkside.

E. Thompson, 13 Geoffrey Avenue, Nevilles Cross, Durham

... well, William seems to be later than expected, but ... ah! here he is at last, his boat is just nosing up to Bexhill beach. He certainly is making up for his delay ... his men are rushing forward to greet Harold ... hello, there seems to be a bit of a scuffle ... I don't think that's quite cricket on the part of William. But he is being forced back ... they're on the level now ... William's men have turned to fight ... what a stupendous comeback ... now what's happened here? ... Harold seems to have got something in his eye ...

K. Dawson, 29 Belle Vale Road, Gateacre, Liverpool

I am speaking to you from Lamechia where a Mr. Noah has built a houseboat in his back yard. Of rather large proportions, this remarkable craft has accommodation for one thousand pairs of assorted beasts, all of which have recently embarked with enough food to last them for a considerable time. Mr. Noah has been elected "Mr. Do-it-Yourself" for this year. Hallo, it appears to have started to rain. In fact, the local river is rising quite high and is approaching us and ...

(Here transmission stopped for about a year.)

S. Garrett, 705 Pinner Road, Pinner, Middlesex

This is Richard Nimbleby speaking from Bosworth Field. On this bare Leicestershire upland, on this sultry August day, Henry Tudor, a Welsh gentleman, who incidentally is Earl of Richmond, is locked in mortal conflict with His Majesty King Richard who, of course, until recently was Duke of Gloucester. Much depends on the outcome of this battle royal. The scene I am witnessing may set incontrovertibly upon the throne a royal line which could well guide us down new and larger streams of destiny, such as are undreamt of by any man who plies bow and bill here to-day.

Wing Commander W. O. Davies, RAF College, Cranwell, Sleaford, Lincs.

Here I am, listeners, actually on the beach—the water's deliciously warm for paddling! Standing beside me is Duke William, who's kindly consented to say a few words.

"Are you confident of victory, Sir?"

"Absolutely. This is going to prove one in the eye for Harold—no mistake about that."

"Thank you very much."

"Not at all."

Well, there you are. The battle's just beginning—the official war artists from Bayeux are dashing off front-line sketches on a hand-loom—the moment we've been waiting for has come—and it's now time to return you to Radio Normandy for Children's Hour.

Molly Fitton, 108 Prince Street, London, S.E.8



"Who wouldn't look so good in a fifteen guinea sunsuit?"

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE XIII

in all departments, particularly in dress and furnishing materials.

Until July 8 **Woollands** will have reductions in their Perfumery department, also in hats, handbags, lingerie. From July 10 for a week or two this store has a "Mexican Bazaar," featuring brightly coloured dresses, hats, separates and hand-embroidery. From July 5 to 29 **Heal's** have an exhibition called "All Our Own Work" showing how they design and produce furniture and furnishing fabrics, carry out carpet laying, cabinet work and panelling, as well as design and complete building schemes. With only 173 days to Christmas, the **Scotch House** is holding an advance Christmas Show of gifts for the family; but you will only catch it if you go today, Wednesday.

MUSIC



Royal Festival Hall. July 5, 8 pm, Boyd Neel Orch. (Charles Groves), Bach-Mozart, Kathleen Long (piano). July 6, 8 pm, Emperor Symphony Orch. (Royalton Kisch), Smetana-Beethoven-Dvorak, Sergio Varella-Cid (piano). July 7, 8 pm, Johnny Dankworth and his band, with Cleo Laine, Johnny Scott, Dudley Moore, etc., in aid of the British Red Cross Society. July 8, 8 pm, Sviatoslav Richter (piano), Haydn-Beethoven-Prokofieff. July 9, 7.30 pm, Philharmonia Orch. (Charles Groves), Rossini-Dvorak-Sibelius, Mstislav Rostropovich ('cello). July 10, 8 pm, Sviatoslav Richter (piano), Mozart-Chopin-Debussy. July 11, 8 pm, London Symphony Orch. (Charles Groves), Tchaikovsky-Schumann-Berlioz-Shostakovich, Mstislav Rostropovich ('cello).

Wigmore Hall. July 6, 7.30 pm, John Vallier (piano). July 7, 7.30 pm, Italian operatic concert.

Sadler's Wells. *La Vie Parisienne* (until July 8).

Royal Opera House. Leningrad State Kirov Ballet. July 5, 7.30 pm, July 8, 2 pm, July 10, 7.30 pm, gala programme, including *Chopiniana* and excerpts from *Taras Bulba*, *Nutcracker*, *Shadows* and other works. July 6 and 7, 7.30 pm, *Giselle*. July 11, 7.30 pm, *Swan Lake*.

GALLERIES



Arts Council. Architecture To-day: selection from British achievement of the past ten years.

Bethnal Green Museum. Exhibition on British journalism. Canaletto. Kenneth Green.

Foyles Art Gallery. Leicester College of Art.

Gimpel Fils. Donald Hamilton Fraser. Grosvenor. Archipenko sculpture (until July 8).

Molton. Paul Klee. Redfern. Summer exhibition.

Royal Academy. Summer exhibition.

Tate. Daumier. V & A. Kuniyoshi centenary exhibition.

Wildenstein. Dufy paintings, watercolours and drawings.

Whitechapel. Australian painting.





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Thomas Gray



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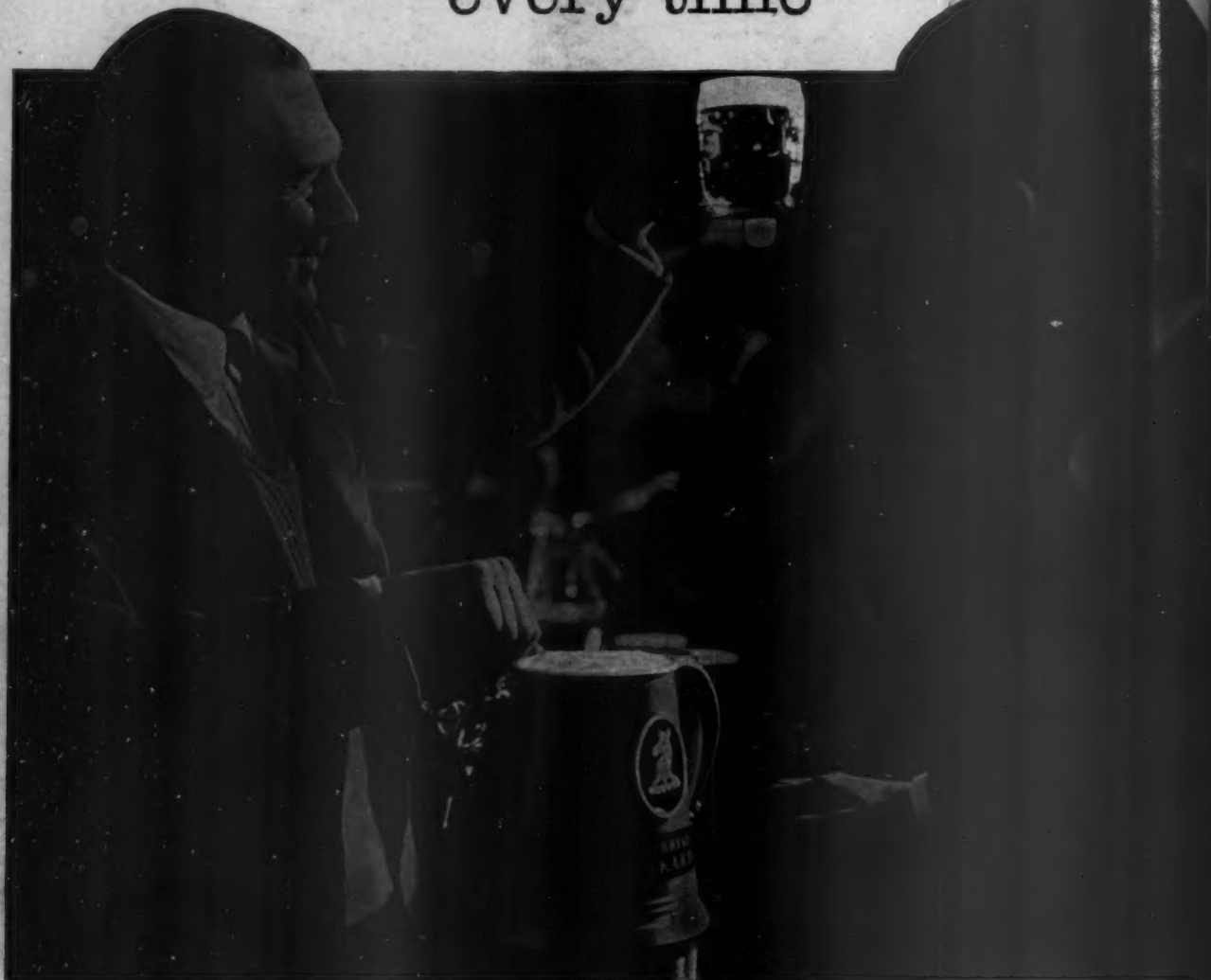
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